

The Listener

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Henry Grant

Art class in a girls' school. Maurice de Sausmarez discusses the teaching of art to adolescents in a talk entitled 'Dissipated Octopuses' on page 629

Nato's Tenth Birthday

By Sir Charles Webster

Surprises inside Borstal

By Sewell Stokes

Faces in the Crowd

By Asa Briggs

A Historian in Mexico

By James Joll

Gravitation and the Atom

By Geoffrey Stephenson

The Many-sided Prokofiev

By Gerald Seaman

Art, Bridge, Crossword, Gardening, Music, Poetry, Radio Criticism

Knight's move, or castle's?

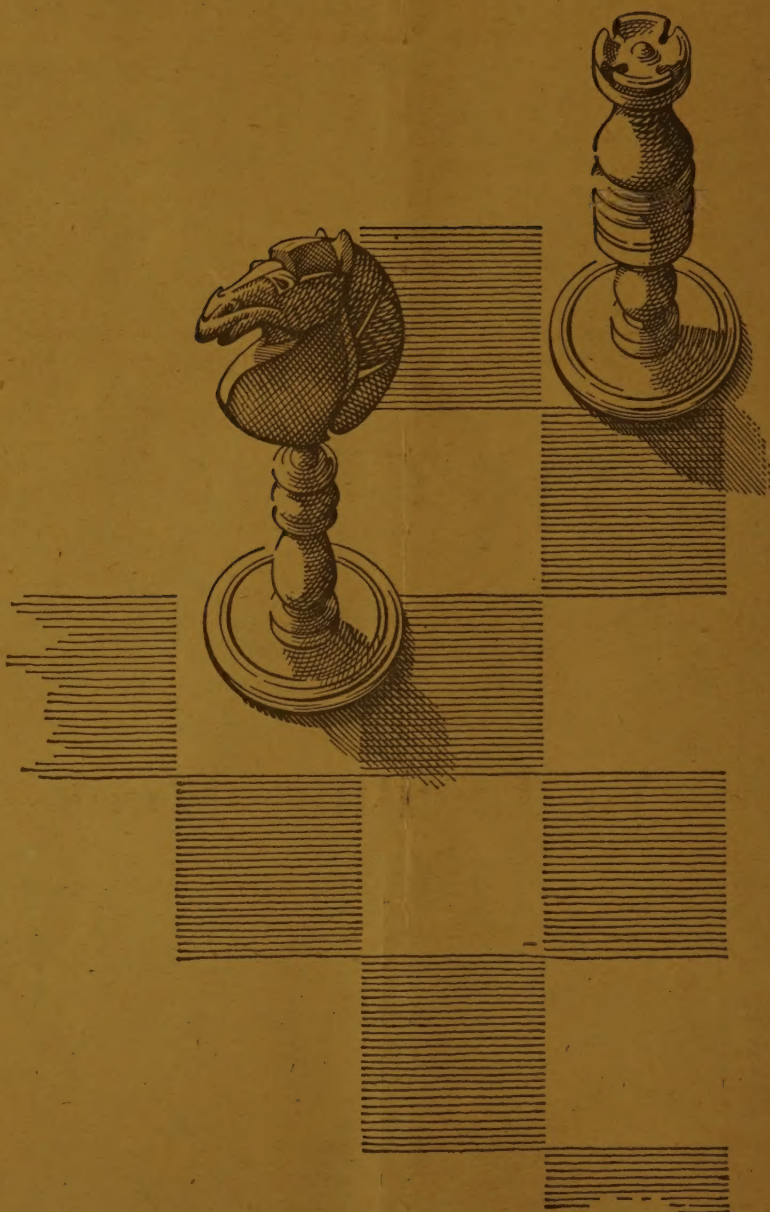
Can Shell be sure? Those who want to make a career in Shell often ask, "Where am I likely to be in 15 years' time?" Geologists, physicists, geophysicists, chemists, engineers, chemical engineers, economists and arts men: they all want to know where they are going to get to.

We may have a pretty shrewd idea, but we cannot always know for certain; partly because things move very fast these days, partly because people change their ideas as they go along.

The aim, however, is to plan a man's career several moves ahead. He may move in a direct line like a Castle. Or he may move like a Knight, sideways and forward. For instance, the chemist, engineer or chemical engineer can move from the operational to the commercial square; the geologist or physicist from exploration to production; the arts man from marketing to the personnel department itself . . . and all towards top management.

And a pawn can always become a Queen.

As the oil industry and the chemicals-from-petroleum industry expand, the variety of moves a man can make is constantly increasing.



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An Exciting Week in Washington

By THOMAS BARMAN, B.B.C. diplomatic correspondent

IT is hard to resist the conclusion that we have reached some kind of turning point in the history of the Atlantic Alliance*, and it is an interesting coincidence that it should be happening at the time when the Alliance is celebrating its tenth anniversary. There are a number of factors involved, and two of them strike me as being of outstanding importance. First, there is the effect of Mr. Macmillan's recent visit to the Soviet Union. As a result of that visit the Prime Minister has reached the conclusion that the time has come to enter into serious negotiations with the Russians. The second factor is the virtual disappearance of Mr. Dulles from the international scene.

It is not true to suggest that the eclipse of Mr. Dulles automatically transfers leadership in the West into the hands of Mr. Macmillan—indeed there would be the strongest resistance in Paris and Bonn to any such development. What has happened is that Dr. Adenauer has stepped into the vacuum left by Mr. Dulles. His word now carries great weight with the United States Administration. Mr. Dulles, one hears, was the only man in the Western Alliance who was strong enough to resist Dr. Adenauer when it was felt that Dr. Adenauer had to be resisted; and now that the influence of Mr. Dulles has been removed there is no one to hold Dr. Adenauer in check. In the absence of that restraining influence, Dr. Adenauer has resumed that attitude of rigidity out of which it was believed that Mr. Dulles, and to some extent Mr. Macmillan, had persuaded him to move. It is that new rigidity, now without any check, that has evidently upset the negotiating time-table of the Western Powers.

It is important to underline that there are no differences within the Alliance on certain essentials, on such things as the importance

of safeguarding the Western position in Berlin; of not giving formal recognition to the East German Administration; and of not creating a neutralized Germany. And it is not in these straightforward and obvious things that the real differences lie. What is at stake is something different. It turns on this question: Is it now really worth while to try to enter into serious negotiations with the Russians? If it is, what is there that the Western Alliance can do in order to make negotiations worth while from the Russian point of view?

The Prime Minister obviously believes that the time has come to enter into real negotiations on questions of substance. This involves a radical departure from Western practice over the past eight years or so. All that has happened at so many of those earlier four-power conferences with the Russians is that each side has restated its position in familiar language, well knowing that the other side could not possibly accept it. For instance, one of the things that the Western Powers have always insisted upon is that there must be free elections in Eastern Germany as a sort of preliminary step to any serious attempt to bring about German reunification. That is a reasonable and obvious demand from the Western point of view: yet it is one that the Russians cannot possibly accept in present circumstances. The Western Governments know that the Russians cannot accept it, since it would lead to the immediate disappearance of the Communist régime in Eastern Germany, with incalculable effects upon Russian power throughout Europe. On the other hand, the Russians are always insisting upon the withdrawal of all United States forces from the Continent of Europe. They know that the West could not possibly give way on that point since it would destroy the Atlantic

Alliance. So if we are to enter into serious negotiations with the Russians we should have to put such questions into cold storage for the time being and consider what we could do about other and less explosive topics.

What are the arguments in favour of serious negotiations with the Russians? The Prime Minister has reached the conclusion that Mr. Khrushchev is in a mood to reconsider certain aspects of Soviet foreign policy. It is clear that the pressure within Russia for a higher living standard is increasing. Mr. Khrushchev can hardly fail to be conscious of it. He is always travelling in the Soviet Union, always talking to factory workers and collective farmers and housewives. If international events force him to carry on with an economy that is completely out of focus, owing to an enormous expenditure on armaments and the necessary over-development of heavy industry to maintain it, then the rise in Russian living standards is going to be very slow; and yet Mr. Khrushchev has staked his political power, perhaps his life, on a rapid improvement. So he may well be prepared to consider ways and means of reducing international tension in order to make possible a cut in armaments, and that in turn would help to pay

for more consumer goods to the Russian people. If these arguments have any validity, and the Prime Minister evidently believes that they have, then serious negotiations with the Russians would be well worth trying.

At the other extreme, there is a theory that the only language that carries any weight with the Russians is the language of firmness. All you have to do, according to that theory—and it seems to be one that Dr. Adenauer is in favour of—is to stand fast on an established position. The Russians will then realize that their threats have no effect, and eventually they will stop making them. That argument rests on the assumption that Mr. Khrushchev is bluffing when he says he wants to put an end to the present position in Berlin, and in so far as that is the assumption it could so easily lead the Western Governments into a dangerous counter-bluff whose end could be either a third world war or a disastrous diplomatic defeat of the same order as the one we suffered at the hands of Hitler in 1938.

It is on these points that the negotiations have turned during an exciting week in Washington.

—'From Our Own Correspondent' (Home Service)

Nato's Tenth Birthday

By SIR CHARLES WEBSTER

ON April 4, 1949, the representatives of twelve states signed at Washington the instrument which brought into existence the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. Ten years is only a short span in the life of any organization, but Nato, as everyone calls it, had two purposes. It was meant to be a means by which its members could co-ordinate and combine their political and economic policy. But it had also a more immediate purpose—to provide the basis for the defence of Western Europe from aggression by the Soviet Union, and events made it necessary for the organization of common defence to become its urgent and almost exclusive preoccupation.

As a defence organization Nato is certainly a unique experiment. Fifteen states now belong to it, some of them far from the Atlantic, voluntarily joined together for the common defence of their independence and democratic institutions. For this purpose they have set up an organization such as has never before existed in time of peace. There is an international army in Europe, directed by a Supreme Commander with an international staff, and provided with an infrastructure of oil pipe lines, depots, airfields and missile sites, built by a common effort and extending from the long perimeter which separates the Nato countries from the Eastern bloc right up to the Atlantic ocean. Its equipment now includes tactical nuclear weapons and intermediate ballistic missiles, together with the latest jet fighters and anti-tank guns. There is also an international fleet under another Supreme Commander. Both are directed politically by a Council of Ministers of the fifteen countries, who have officials to represent them in their absence. Strategic direction has been placed largely in the hands of a Standing Group of representatives of the American, British, and French Chiefs of Staff. Behind all these are ranged the hydrogen bomb, the strategic air forces of the United States and Britain, and the intercontinental missile.

How far has the absence of war in Europe been due to the existence of Nato? Some think that it was only the hydrogen bomb that preserved the peace; but this is to simplify the situation too much. In 1949 Europe was so badly organized for defence that a limited but sudden effort by the Soviet bloc might have had an immediate success. What Nato has done is to organize Western defence in such a way that to penetrate it the Soviet Union would have to make extensive preparations and consciously determine to engage in a major war. It is a shield which cannot be beaten down without a great and determined effort by its adversaries.

Moreover, through Nato another extraordinary transformation has taken place in Western Europe—the reconciliation of France

with Germany—or at least with the Federal German Republic. For many years various proposals were put forward by which Germany could be rearmed without renewing the danger she had caused in the past. It is certain that without Nato no such means could have been found. Now her forces are to be so closely integrated with the international army and infrastructure that this danger has been almost completely removed. At the same time Federal Germany has recovered her independent status and dignity. Nato has not only reduced the fear of attack from the East; it has also reduced the fear of a resurgent and aggressive Germany.

But Nato has had much less success in its wider objectives. It has not enabled the Atlantic Community to obtain a common political and economic policy. Its continental members have been preoccupied with their own economic integration, which was indeed partly due to their desire to counter the economic preponderance of the United States. Moreover, world-wide organizations exist for economic co-ordination. Thus little has been done to implement Article 2 of the treaty concerning economic collaboration which was intended to be an important part of it.

Nor was Nato a convenient centre for the integration of political actions. There could be no Supreme Commander in politics. Thus the United States and Britain tended to form a common policy before the other Nato countries were consulted. Recently, however, this situation has been changing. France has demanded the same equality of position in the direction of political action as she already possesses, at any rate in theory, in the Standing Committee on Defence. Political problems have been more and more remitted to the Nato permanent council of deputies in Paris before decisions have been made, instead of afterwards. This has been very apparent in the recent discussions with the Soviet Union, when the Nato powers have been informed and consulted at each stage of Mr. Macmillan's progress.

But it would be a mistake to think that Nato has not grave defects or that it has yet reached its final form. Nato has more than 100 committees and sub-committees engaged in working out its problems—far too many, most people believe. Even in the age of the jet aeroplane, it is a great handicap to have its permanent defence committee stationed in Washington and its permanent political committee in Paris. Nor can ministerial direction be given as often and as quickly as is necessary, while the official deputies cannot take decisions on fundamental points.

Not only the machinery but the whole strategy of Nato has been criticized. There is in some quarters a vain desire to put back the clock and transform Germany into a neutral zone—a

policy often described by the misleading word 'disengagement'. But such a transformation could come about only if a world-wide reduction of armaments were to take place, and that still seems far away. Some people also have been shocked at the arming of Nato with nuclear weapons and missiles. They are afraid that Europe might become the theatre of an atomic war while the rest of the world escaped. But this is impossible; if such weapons were used it would only be as the prelude to an all-out hydrogen bomb war. They are in fact part of the great deterrent.

Finally, and perhaps most important of all, Nato is the means by which the United States shows by the presence of her armed

forces on European soil her determination to stand or fall with Western Europe. Without that assurance Western Europe could not obtain the unity, courage, and organization to defend itself. When it can do so without the aid of the United States we shall have passed into a different age. Meanwhile Nato is the sheet anchor not only of the defence of Western Europe but of all the free world. Though present discussions may well cause considerable modifications to be made both in its machinery and in its strategy, it is still indispensable to enable the free and democratic nations to resist the massive totalitarian power wielded by a handful of men in the Kremlin.—*General Overseas Services*

A Historian in Mexico

By JAMES JOLL

MOST Europeans, including most European historians outside Spain and Portugal, know little about the history of Latin America. A few may have the idea that the Spanish conquerors were, in a way, missionaries and liberators, converting a barbarous people and freeing them from their blind subjection to savage rulers and priests whose hair was matted with the blood of human sacrificial victims. Others may simply regard the Spanish Main as the area where our seamen in the reign of Elizabeth I singed the King of Spain's beard.

But whether we look at the history of the Spanish conquest from the Spanish point of view or from an English Protestant point of view, we do not look at it from the point of view of the inhabitants of the countries concerned, and our view of Mexican history is bound to be very different from the ordinary Mexican's idea of his own past. In the textbooks used in Mexico, for example, Cortez and his companions, far from being missionaries and liberators, are brutal and rapacious robbers who tricked and stole from the Aztecs and their noble, dignified, suffering leaders.

Gradually as you look into Mexican history—as into the history of any other former colonial people—a more sophisticated and balanced picture emerges, but it often needs the impact of personal experience to oblige one to make the effort involved. If you go to Mexico, as I suppose most Europeans tend to go, with a picture of the Spanish Conquest and the Spanish Empire that suggests that the history of America, of the New World, started from scratch, so to speak, in 1492, then the Mexicans' awareness of their pre-Columbian past comes as a considerable shock. But the shock is not only a jolt to one's historical awareness; it is also a visual one. Our own artistic traditions have absorbed a number of exotic non-European styles; the Chinese and Egyptian civilizations, for instance, have provided familiar themes and patterns for European art. This is not true of the pre-Columbian art of America, and the shock when you are confronted with

the surprising and impressive ruined cities of Mexico is for this reason all the greater. The great pyramids of Teotihuacán, the walls and temples on the mountain platform of Monte Albán, and, still more, the vast complexes of the Mayan cities, such as Uxmal or Chichén Itzá, are sophisticated, highly developed monuments; and they belong to a civilization that has no point of contact with our own, a civilization that is exotic and deeply disturbing.



A cherub as depicted in a Mexican village church



One of 'the great visionary designs' by José Clemente Orozco in the cupola of the Hospicio Cabañas, Guadalajara, Jalisco, Mexico

It was a society which invented complicated mathematical and astronomical systems and yet never discovered the wheel; a world of dark and terrifying religious beliefs, with an obsession with death and blood that still hangs about many of the ruins which are potent reminders of how much of what we call 'Spanish America' is not really Spanish at all. Just as a study of Mexican versions of the Spanish Conquest makes one think again about words like 'colonization' and 'imperialism', so a visit to the great pre-Columbian sites makes one wonder what we really mean by words like 'civilization' or 'barbarism', and what the criteria really are by which we judge a society.

At the most superficial level, one is constantly being forced in Mexico to revise one's terms and categories. One wants to talk about the contrast between Mexican culture and 'Western civilization'—only to stop short and remember that one is in the West, and to be reminded how silly such phrases are. Or one starts to talk about the extent to which Mexico has resisted American influence, only to remind oneself that one is in America—and North America

at that. Even the term 'Spanish America' is clumsy and perhaps a little misleading. One of the first things, in fact, which struck me about Mexico is how unlike Spain it is in so many ways—in spite of the language, though even this in Mexico is softened down, with the grating gutturals turned to gentle sibilants. Ways of building or of behaving that are obviously Spanish in origin have been subtly but deeply modified in the new and exotic environment. Spanish baroque architecture, for example, was transformed into something quite different by the Indians who executed plans originally conceived on Spanish models. The familiar baroque saints of Europe reappear as something very like Indian idols. And, indeed, in churches whose interior was stripped in the revolution, the Indians have sometimes reconstructed their version of the figures that stood there before, and have erected crude, frightening images which are the object of intense, if macabre, devotion. From the earliest churches of the colonial period—solid, austere, functional fortresses of the faith—through the intricacies of the local versions of the baroque and rococo right down to the painting of the twentieth century, artistic patterns from outside have been adapted and elaborated to fit into a specifically Mexican tradition and serve specifically Mexican ends.

Just as in earlier periods a hyphenated Spanish-American art turned into something peculiarly Mexican, so the twentieth century ideals of a revolutionary art have found their best expression in the work of the older generation of contemporary Mexican painters. Even though the school has now degenerated into a tedious academicism, and even though Rivera at the end of his life produced social realist art as banal as anything that has come out of the Soviet Union, his best murals and the great visionary designs of Orozco are wholly original, and unique in the art of our time. This school of political painting is a sign, perhaps, of how unlike anything else the history of recent Mexican politics is.

Three Revolutionary Upheavals

Another of the words constantly used by historians—the word 'revolution' this time—needs analysing and reconsidering in the light of modern Mexican history. There have been three revolutionary upheavals in Mexico during the last 150 years, and each has left its mark on Mexican society and on popular memories, while each has had certain surprising and unique features. There was the revolution against Spanish rule, ending in the establishment of Mexican independence in 1821; there was the revolution—sometimes called 'liberal'—led by Juarez which overthrew the Emperor Maximilian in 1867; and there was the social revolution which started in 1910, and is, in theory, still in progress. Each is, in its own way, hard to fit into European categories. Look at the origins of Mexican independence, for instance. Even when one has allowed for the example of Britain's American colonies and the impact of the French Revolution and Napoleon, there still remains something unusual about a revolution that was started by a priest ringing a bell—and Hidalgo's action is formally commemorated each year when the President comes out on the balcony of his palace and strikes a symbolic peal—a revolution which was carried on by another priest, the Indian Morelos.

One could, in fact, say a great deal about the role of the Catholic Church in Mexico that would not fit into accepted patterns: how it was certain friars who tried to preserve the Indians from the worst of the Spanish exploitation, how it was through some of the religious orders that the ideas of the eighteenth-century enlightenment came to Mexico. Yet at the same time, the Church as a landowner became also the symbol of oppression and reaction, and the object, in the twentieth century, of fierce repression. Indeed, these contrasts and incongruities come out in the story of the struggle for Mexican independence; for what began, with Hidalgo and Morelos, as a struggle for political independence and social reform was, in fact, completed by conservative Catholics who saw in an independent Mexico a means of preserving the Church intact against the influence of liberalism from Europe, and not at all as a means of spreading the liberal ideas of the Enlightenment in the New World. It was this that made the Mexican struggle for independence end up by taking much the same form as elsewhere

in Latin America, so that it was in the end a revolution of the Creole landowners against the Spaniards and not a revolution of the Indians against their masters. In popular legend, and, to a certain extent in fact, the next revolution—that of Juarez—was an attempt to correct this, and to give the Indians and the poor people the rights of which they had been cheated fifty years before.

Social and Economic Transformation

But again the revolution did not turn out as was expected. What was started by Juarez in the name of the Indians and the oppressed classes ended up in the virtual dictatorship—nearly forty years of it—of Don Porfirio Diaz and the golden age of the great landowners and the foreign investors. Most interesting and important of all, however, is the Mexican revolution of the twentieth century—the one celebrated by Rivera's frescoes, and embodied, or so the government likes to think, in the party which has, under one form or another, been continuously in power since 1920. It has been a real revolution, not just another Latin-American series of *pronunciamentos*, at times fierce and ruthless, with a strong ideological bias that has led at various periods to a violent campaign against the Roman Catholic Church and to the expropriation of foreign business interests—notably the British- and United States-owned oil companies. It has transformed the country socially and economically: even on a visit of a few months one gets the sensation of living in the middle of a very rapid industrial revolution. The land-owning class has been dispossessed and the last relics of the old colonial estates have nearly all disappeared, with only, here and there, the ruined walls of a great mansion to recall them. The very rich today, and there are plenty of them, are those who have made fortunes since the revolution and who provide a new ruling class, and it is a class of which many members have some Indian blood; and, indeed there are people in Mexico who will tell one that it is a disadvantage in a public career to be of pure European descent. The result at least is to produce a community free from the racial tensions that are the stuff of politics in so many former colonial countries.

The story of the revolution has dramatic episodes, powerful personalities, and immense practical consequences. As an example of a successful, non-communist social and economic revolution in an underdeveloped country it is without parallel in our time—perhaps Ataturk's transformation of Turkey is the nearest thing to it. There have been moments when the Mexican revolution seemed close to communism: slogans about capitalist and imperialist exploitation have been drummed into the school-children year after year: the cruder murals on the public buildings are as didactic and tedious as any of the hack art of the Soviet Union. But the Mexican revolution has never been wholly Marxist; and, indeed, the present government is strongly anti-communist, while the press tends to attribute any industrial disturbances, and there are many, to communist gold and intrigue as obstinately as in any 'reactionary' country.

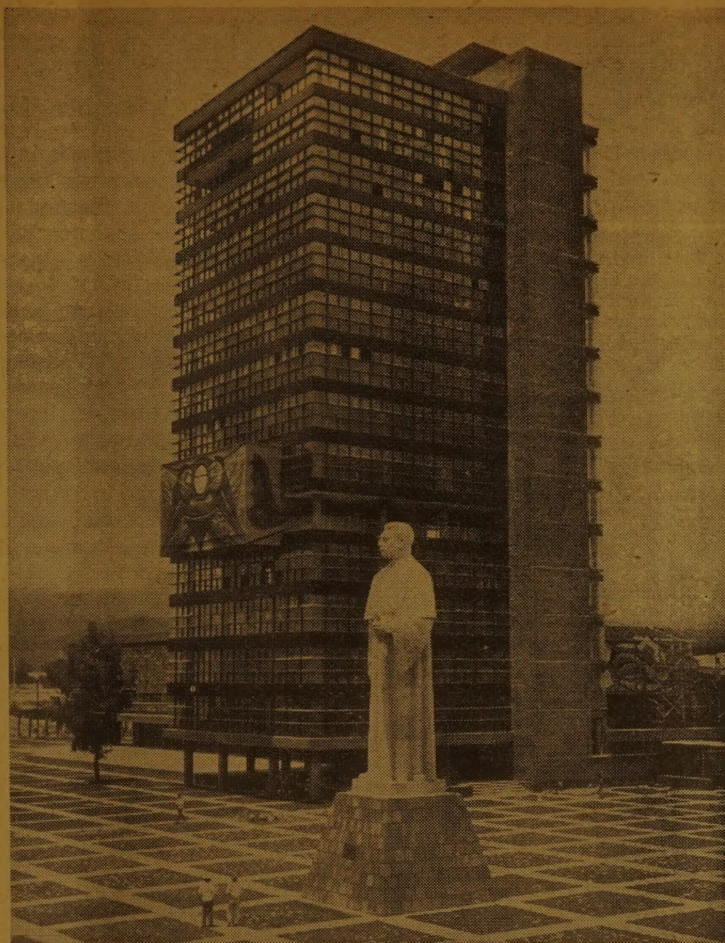
Need for Foreign Capital

But, for all its revolutionary past and indeed, its present protestations, the Mexican revolution has entered a period of unrevolutionary practice. The need for foreign capital is such that foreign firms have to be encouraged to invest in Mexico, while a high tariff forces them to establish factories there if they are to profit by a rapidly expanding consumers' market—and Mexican susceptibilities are reassured by, for example, the label stuck on American cars proclaiming that they are 'made in Mexico by Mexicans'—*hecho in Mexico por Mexicanos*.

This revolutionary stability—reflected in the name of the government party—the Party of Revolutionary Institutions—makes the structure of Mexican politics complicated and confusing. Just as, in a Mexican context, the word 'revolution' means something unique and occasionally paradoxical, so the word 'party' has not quite the meaning we are accustomed to in Western Europe or the United States. Take the presidential election last July, for instance. It was a real election: there were rival candidates: there were polling booths: there were pre-election

meetings and proclamations: women voted for the first time in Mexican history. Yet no one had any doubt what the result would be. The government party, having chosen their candidate—on the recommendation, it is said, of the three living ex-presidents—proceeded to build him up by means of a huge publicity campaign, making an unfamiliar name, and, more important still in a country where many people cannot read, an unfamiliar face, well known in even the remotest districts. The chief opposition candidate was said to be a man of the Right—against the Revolution—and he complained afterwards that the elections had been unfairly conducted. There certainly seemed a tendency for the lights to go out at his meetings, but then power cuts are frequent in Mexico. But—and this is the really important thing, I think, and a sign of real stability—whereas some of his predecessors would have tried to raise an armed revolt, this time the defeated candidate wrote open letters to the newspapers accusing the government of corruption in running the elections.

So, although there is a government party, and although political conditions are necessarily peculiar in a country where you find the appalling squalid poverty of the shanty towns on the edge of Mexico City—the world of Bunuel's film *Los Olvidados*—side by side with state-run industries and American-style high capitalism—in spite of all this, Mexico is an extremely free country, so that the associations of the phrase 'a one-party state' are soon forgotten. This is, I think, because although the ruling party can win elections and distribute



One of the buildings of Mexico University: in the foreground is a statue of Miguel Alemán, President of Mexico from 1946 to 1952

patronage and collect the not inconsiderable gains of government in an underdeveloped but rapidly changing country, its aims are genuinely political. It does not, that is to say, permeate and control all the organs of society in the way that the Communist Party in the Soviet Union or in Yugoslavia does. There are, in fact, checks and balances which control the power of the government, even though they are different from those we are accustomed to in English constitutional thought.

The trade unions, for example, are powerful autonomous corporations; and often events with political implications—strikes or riots—can only be interpreted in terms of rivalries within or between the trade unions, with the government holding the ring, and only intervening when necessary to stop the situation getting out of hand. The government cannot go too far in dealing with the trade unions; after all the defence of the rights of labour is one of the most sacred slogans of the revolution; but the trade unions cannot go too far because of the government; yet both need the capitalists and consumers if

the economy is to go on booming. It is a curious state of affairs, and does not fit tidily into our textbooks on political institutions, so that judgments about it based on them are almost sure to be wrong. Again, the pattern of international relations looks different from an unfamiliar angle. The Quemoy crisis last summer, for example, seemed far more remote in Mexico than it did in England, while actions like the American landings in the Lebanon took on a different colouring in a country which still has memories of United States intervention in Mexico in 1914 and 1916—to say nothing of the war of 1847 which provided Mexico with some of its most popular heroes.

As historians, and still more the so-called 'political scientists' are in danger of thinking in patterns and then trying to apply them when they will not fit, it is extremely good for us to look at unfamiliar societies and to be forced to revise our categories, just as it is salutary for us to be reminded how little history some of us know outside our own special fields—even about large, rich, expanding and important parts of the world like Mexico and the other countries of Latin America. And the only way to fill these gaps is to try to look at contemporary societies for ourselves. It is only through the present that we can understand the past. It is perhaps more important for historians to remember this than it is to repeat—though it is perfectly true—that it is only through the past that we understand the present. But our thinking about past and present societies is not conditioned only by our knowledge of historical facts or political situations. And if a visit to an unfamiliar world like that of Mexico stimulates us to revise our categories, it is not only because our categories do not always fit, but also because our sense of proportion changes with the change of proportion of the landscape, the change of style in the architecture, the change of intonation in the voice. The vast receding mountain chains, the distant views of snow-covered tropical volcanoes, ancient temples vanishing into the emerald jungle, remote ruins on the edge of the ocean—all these give a new sense of scale to the contemporary scene, and a new way of looking at the contemporary world.—*Third Programme*



In a shanty town on the outskirts of Mexico City

The Listener

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The Artist's Genius

IN a talk that we now print, Mr. Maurice de Sausmarez, the Head of the Department of Fine Art at Leeds University, deplores the effect of certain methods by which art is taught at the moment. He draws particular attention to the 'tangled self-consciousness' which is so striking a characteristic today of boys and girls learning to paint in adolescence, compared with their achievement before the age of eleven. Mr. de Sausmarez points out the harm done to pupils after eleven by various types of 'free expression' teaching; and he urges that they should be given some constructional task to do, or be encouraged to make analytical drawings and then design and build with some material, not necessarily paint on canvas.

Historically, Mr. de Sausmarez's stimulating theme is bound up with the gradual development of self-consciousness among the world's sculptors, painters, and architects. In 1835, the German connoisseur Dr. Waagen gave evidence before a British parliamentary commission appointed to inquire into the best means of extending a knowledge of the arts among the people. 'In former times', said Waagen, 'the artists were more workmen, and the workmen more artists'. This observation reflected—with succinctness—the change which had been taking place since the Middle Ages in both the professional attitude of the artist and his social status. Through three centuries he had become less of a craftsman in order to be more of a genius. The painter, like the ambassador and a little ahead of the surgeon, had 'gone up in the world' from humble guild membership to being the companion of statesmen and even the friend of princes. The cause was probably to be sought in the impact made during the early fifteen-hundreds by the novel ideas and strength of personality of both Leonardo da Vinci and Michelangelo; although some stimulus to change had been provided earlier by the intelligent patronage of the Medici circle in Florence and even perhaps by the technical innovations of a master like Squarcione in Padua. But, whatever its origins, the change had meant the decline of the atmosphere which we believe to have surrounded medieval painters at work—a feeling of co-operative effort and anonymous enthusiasm not unlike Mr. de Sausmarez's ideal of the Californian children, who built together their own cooking machine out of scrap timber. While this tradition had been slowly dying, it had come to be replaced by a much stronger emphasis on the flourishing of original genius; this might be the genius of a rebel like Caravaggio or that of an accomplished man of the world like Rubens or, since Waagen's time, that of an Impressionist like Manet.

In the present century, if it may be admitted that there is too much freedom for the young artist to develop his own inspiration in his own way, the solution is not to be found (as William Morris thought it was) in reviving some kind of pseudo-medieval fraternity. To do this would be as disastrous as the dreary re-teaching of perspective, to which Mr. de Sausmarez refers. It may well be, however, that the idea of using fresh materials will in some way provide a new stimulus. The experience of recent centuries has caused us perhaps to assume too readily that new masterpieces of art are most likely to appear in the form of easel pictures.

What They Are Saying

Asian broadcasts on Tibet

NINE DAYS after the revolt in Tibet against Chinese authority, Peking radio broadcast a long declaration on the rebellion, attributing it to 'a reactionary clique' inside Tibet and to 'imperialism'. The statement said:

The rebellious activities of the Tibetan traitors have been of fairly long duration. These rebels represent imperialism and the most reactionary big serf owners. Since 1951 they have been plotting and preparing for armed rebellion. But the rebellious conspiracy of this handful of reactionaries had no support from the Tibetan people.

The broadcast declaration also said that the rebels' 'commanding centre' was in Kalimpong (India), that the base of the rebellion had received air-dropped supplies from 'the Chiang Kai-shek bands', and that radio stations had been set up by imperialist agents and the Chiang Kai-shek clique:

The rapid putting down of the rebellion in Lhasa showed that the Tibetan traitorous clique is certainly doomed and that the future of the Tibetan people is bright. Primarily this is because the Tibetan people are patriotic, support the Chinese People's Government, ardently love the People's Liberation Army, and oppose the imperialists and traitors. The overwhelming majority of the Tibetan people are peasants and herdsmen who live in extreme poverty, and they eagerly hope to free themselves from the darkest feudal serfdom in the world.

Two days earlier the radio of Taipeh, capital of Formosa, had broadcast a special message to the Tibetans from Chiang Kai-shek, in which the Generalissimo said:

You are now shedding your blood in fighting against the Communist tyranny. This noble deed begins the first page of the most solemn and glorious history of the anti-Communist revolution of our compatriots on the Chinese mainland.

Considering their widespread respect for Communist China's economic achievements the uncommitted nations of Asia have reacted with surprising sharpness and indignation to the Chinese repression of the Tibetan uprising. The Indonesian radio broadcast the following comment by the *Times of Indonesia*:

We all know that the Tibetans are on the losing end in their unequal battle with the Chinese, but it is equally undeniable that Peking has caused concern and worry in many Asian countries. This Asian kicking of Asians around is not a pleasant prospect.

A very wide section of the Indian press has voiced strong disapproval of Chinese policies and actions in Tibet, and some newspapers have been critical of the Indian Government's attitude. The *Times of India*, for example, wrote that although the Chinese had scored a military victory they had suffered a political defeat.

The *Hindustan Times* called for a realistic re-assessment of Indian foreign policy and wrote:

Let us hold our heads low today. A small country on our border has paid the ultimate penalty for its temerity to aspire to independence.

The *Pioneer* of Allahabad declared that if India could denounce Western colonialism she should not remain silent over the same evil 'at its ugliest elsewhere', out of deference to Communist power.

In Burma a commentator in *The Rangoon Daily* urged the Chinese authorities to consider whether their present action in Tibet is in keeping with what they said about peaceful coexistence at the Bandung Conference of 1955. He warned them that if they do not practise what they preach the world will accept, as gospel truth, the allegations the United States have made against them. It might even dim whatever chances Red China may have of being admitted into the United Nations.

Another Burmese newspaper, *The New Light of Burma*, wrote:

The Tibetans have no desire to live under the yoke of the Chinese Communists. But none of the former revolts can equal the present one. Even though no country can intervene, it is hoped that nations friendly with Red China will advise her against exercising control over a small country which in the past enjoyed freedom as a separate entity.

—Based on information collected by the B.B.C. Monitoring Service

DERRICK SINGTON

Did You Hear That?

WRIGHT OF DERBY

LAST WEEK, JOHN READ described in 'Monitor' (B.B.C. Television) the life and work of an eighteenth-century Derbyshire painter.

'Joseph Wright was born in the provinces in the second half of the eighteenth century and spent most of his life in Derby.

His friends and his patrons were the sturdy members of Midland society who turned England into a great industrial nation. The future lay in their hands. They were men of practical vision and genius.

'Men, for example, like Samuel Crompton, and Richard Arkwright, the inventor who did so much to develop the cotton-spinning industry in the north of England. But Wright was not just a painter of portraits of the new leaders of society; in the background of some of his fashionable pictures he revealed his romantic feeling for nature and for landscape. He painted views and scenes with a factual and observant eye in his native Derbyshire and in the English lakes long before landscape painting became the recognized achievement of English art. Wright saw a relationship between Man and Nature which is one clue to the meaning of his art. But there was more to it than this. In one of his pictures it is night on the banks of the river Derwent, and a man digs for moles by the light of a lantern. He is surrounded by an air of poetic mystery. Above the silhouetted trees the clouds glow in the moonlight. Wright is haunted by moonlight, candlelight, lantern light.

'Wright also travelled abroad, in Italy. Again his pictures were about light, and the effects of light. When he came to Rome he painted St. Peter's. But it was not the grandeur of the architecture that inspired him, but the fireworks above it, exploding in a riot of flame and energy in the sky. Rockets streak across his canvas like sputniks.

'In another picture, by contrast, a calm moon shines in a Mediterranean sky and glitters in the reflections in the bay of Naples. In another, an alchemist gazes into a flask of glowing phosphorus which burns brighter than the moon. This is a moment of discovery, and the alchemist is the eighteenth-century counterpart to the modern atomic physicist. Above and beyond, the moon shines through a gothic window, a symbol at whose meaning we can only guess.

'Again the moon is witness to another moment of revelation. In this picture the family is grouped round an air pump inside which they watch a daring experiment. The children are filled with a sense of wonder. As the air is sucked out of the flask all eyes are on the bird trapped inside the vacuum, its wings beating in vain on empty space. Only the scientists look out of the picture towards ourselves and the future.

'This was the age of reason. To Wright, light was the symbol of enlightenment, and only the child, thinking of the bird, is shocked by the cruelty of progress. In another picture an inflated bladder, brilliantly illuminated by candlelight, becomes a

man-made moon. The light from this strange invention becomes energy and passion in the faces of the boys fighting above it. In the best known of all Wright's paintings, a family, well dressed, well groomed, and well behaved, see a scientist demonstrate the wonders of his new invention, a mechanism which explains the movements of the sun and stars, like a kind of eighteenth-century

planetarium. The inventor is shown as a fatherly figure, a seeker after truth on the threshold of a world in which everything will be transformed, ordered, and understood. In blacksmiths' shops up and down the country men laboured through the night in the glare of their furnaces, beating out of iron the forms of their new machines. The millennium was at hand. Man would build his own paradise. Wright describes the scene as a modern documentary film director might do. Youth and age look on, symbols of progress and society, of enthusiasm and reflection.

'What do we think of Wright today, living as we do on the other side of the revolution he recorded? What

would this painter think of our own time? Would he now see science and industry with the same confident belief in progress and change? Was Wright of Derby the social realist of the eighteenth century? Was his vision of the future only moonshine? Or is it the fact of the matter that only in the eighteenth century was it possible to believe in a vision as hopeful and as uncomplicated as his own?'

ART T' NESH?

'The other day', said ROY CHRISTIAN in a talk in 'Signpost' (Midland Home Service), 'a student of mine handed in an



'The annual girandola, Castel Sant' Angelo, Rome'—

Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool



—and 'Sir Brooke Boothby', both by Joseph Wright of Derby

National Gallery

excellent essay which contained a phrase about "smoke puthering from a cottage chimney". Puthering: a lovely expressive word. You can fairly see the smoke coming out of that chimney in swift little bursts. It is not in the dictionary, but my goodness it ought to be. It is a bit of real East Midlands dialect.

'I was grateful because it carried me back to my boyhood in the industrial Erewash Valley, when I used to lie in bed on a dark winter morning, listening to snatches of conversation from the miners as they hurried by with their snap-cans clanking at their sides and their heavy boots clomping on the cobbles.

"It's middlin' cold, sorrey", one would call. "Tha's nesh, sithee", would be the crushing reply.

An expert on words would probably tell you that this was pure Anglo-Saxon, a spoken language handed down from ancestors who probably accused their colleagues of being "nesh" in the face of the Conqueror's arrows at Hastings. But to a small boy in bed on a cold morning it was a fresh, exciting language, very different from the language of home or school.

'I heard the word "nesh" the other day at a cup-tie in Nottingham. "He's neshing him", a spectator remarked of a forward who drew back from a heavy tackle. A bather who dithers on the water's edge is "nesh". So is a person who feels the cold. "Mardy" is almost the synonym of "nesh" but not quite. You can admit to being "nesh" in cold weather without too much loss of face, but no self-respecting person would admit to being "mardy".

'I suspect there are many shades and variations of dialect between east Leicestershire and west Derbyshire. I certainly could not tell you just where a narrow passageway ceases to be a "jitty" and becomes a "jinnel"; or at what point between Derby and London people look surprised when you say you are "going to mash the tea because you're starving with cold?"

'People south of the Trent do not use "thees" and "thous" as we do in the north-east Midlands. Do you know the story about the young teacher from London on her first day in a Derbyshire school? After a sandwich lunch she was searching for a litter bin in which to deposit the paper. "Where's the bin?" she asked a small boy. He looked at her in astonishment. "Ah've bin 'om, of course", he said. "Weer does tha think ah've bin?"

LINKS WITH THE EAST

'In the year 1698', said KEITH MACKLIN in 'The Eye-witness', 'the Liverpool Member of Parliament, Sir William Norris, wrote several letters home describing his visit to the Palace of the Great Mogul of India. During his visit, Sir William, as the Ambassador of the Near East India Company,

carried a Sword of State in front of him, and this sword was later presented to the city of Liverpool. Alas, on the journey home from India Sir William caught a serious ailment, and died at sea, and his Sword of State was destroyed in a Liverpool fire some years ago. These and many other memories are recalled by an exhibition entitled "Liverpool and the East" which is now open at the International Library, Liverpool. The City and Ancient Port of Liverpool is justifiably proud of its commercial and trade links with India, China, and the countries of the East.

'Some idea of the importance of the display may be gauged from the fact that the opening ceremony was performed by Mrs.

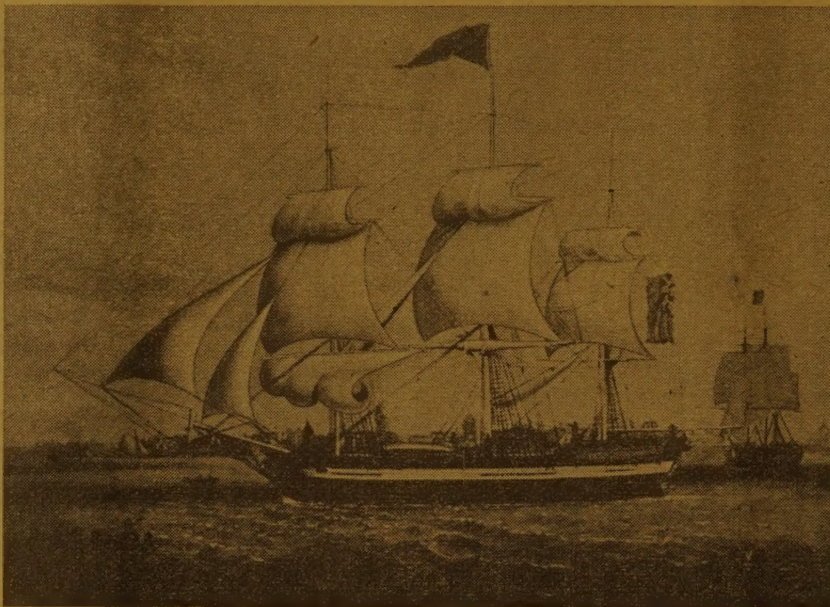
Pandit, the Indian High Commissioner. The exhibition, laid out neatly in the compact library, puts on show documents, photographs, some prints, maps, and drawings all detailing the development of Liverpool's strong links with the East through several years and centuries of sea-going trade. The emphasis is mainly on India, and the long monopoly, broken in the middle of last century, of the East India Company. But there are sections devoted to Liverpool's trade with Burma, Ceylon, China, Indonesia, Thailand, Japan, and practically every eastern country. There are large photographs, loaned by the various shipping companies,

of the ships that plied the trade from Liverpool to the ports of the East, bringing back their valuable supplies of cotton, jute, and the eastern wines for the tables of gentlemen.

'Among the documents there are fascinating copies of letters written by Sir William Norris from the court of the Mogul and also by William Roscoe, the Liverpool banker and M.P., who

struggled for years to win the eventual freedom of the eastern trade routes from the monopoly of the East India Company. There are old ledgers from two centuries ago, with accounts for quantities of cotton and wines painstakingly scratched out in flowing script on the now yellowing pages. There are copies of books written about life in India by retired Army officers of more than a century ago, accounts of the delights of tiger hunting and the excitements of hunting bandits in the Punjab. From further afield, we find exquisite drawings and paintings on rice paper from China, and more documents from the past describing the expansion of trade with China, Burma, Thailand, and Japan.

'In her speech at the opening Mrs. Pandit said that the purpose of such exhibitions as these should be to help to create a better understanding between the United Kingdom and India. "We have to explore all the time", she said, "ideas of greater understanding and co-operation if the relationship between the countries of East and West is to be a healthy and growing one".



The 'Princess Charlotte' (1815): the Brocklebank Line's first ship to sail to the East from Liverpool



Speke Hall, Liverpool (1702), where Sir William Norris and other members of his family campaigned for freedom to trade with the East. The photographs on this page are from the exhibition at the International Library, Liverpool

Surprises inside Borstal

By SEWELL STOKES

WHEN I return from visiting a borstal, I sometimes wonder if what I tell people I saw there will be believed. The reason for suspicion may well be that people have never stopped to consider what a borstal is like, or how it is run. Should they have given the matter any thought, they have probably imagined borstal to be a place where the system in operation is designed to persuade youngsters with a taste for crime to change their bad habits. More or less, that is what the system amounts to; at least on paper. What I am going to do here is simply to give my own impression of two visits I paid to different borstals within recent months.

The first of my visits was made on the annual sports day, when relatives and friends of the inmates are invited to come and see for themselves what the place is like. On this occasion a big crowd turned up, as it would do at a public school. In fact, regular visits by relatives are always encouraged. During the afternoon I found myself standing beside a small woman with what I would call an expression of bemused contentment on her plain little face. From the way she at once spoke to me, she obviously thought I was an official of some sort. 'Mister', she said, 'you've got a lovely place down here. Just look at all them flowers. Kew Gardens couldn't do no better'.

I agreed that the garden was a splendid sight: a credit to the boys who must for weeks past have worked hard to get it looking as it did, like a vast green carpet, patterned here and there with beds of brilliantly gay flowers.

The woman went on chatting. 'And it's not just the garden', she said, 'it's everything. Before I came down here I wouldn't have believed what it was like; really, I wouldn't'.

There I absolutely agreed with her. Since my arrival the day before, I had been surprised several times. Early that morning, walking through one of the cell-blocks (in borstal cell-blocks are called houses, but the term is purely nominal) I had noticed chalked up on a blackboard fixed to the wall this message: 'Any officer wishing to join a visiting party this afternoon should see that he is well fed beforehand'. I asked an officer what this meant. He explained that one of the boys was having a little joke. 'It's as good as telling me', he said, 'that if I want to join him and his visitors this afternoon, I'll get no grub out of them!'

'Can the boys chalk up anything they please on that board?' I asked.

'Oh dear, no', said the officer. 'What they write up there some-

times has to be rubbed out very quickly. But on a special day like this . . . well, we don't take too much notice'.

As I have said, this was sports day, the annual occasion on which inmates were visited by their mums and dads, brothers and sisters, girl friends, and even, in some instances, by their wives, I was told. Among the visitors several 'old boys' had turned up. Judging by their somewhat flashy but by no means inexpensive clothes, they were 'doing all right' for themselves in one way or another.

It is not unknown for an ex-borstal boy to come back and express his genuine gratitude for what was done there to help him. I heard from the chief officer of this borstal that only three weeks before a man had arrived out of the blue and spent an hour walking round with him. He was a middle-aged man, just home from Australia, where he had made a success of his life: and his first impulse on returning to this country had been to renew his associations with the place that had, as he put it, given him his start in life. On leaving, he said to the officer: 'It was a tougher spot in my day. But then I dare say we were a tougher crowd to handle'. I wonder how true that last remark of his was? Or if the stricter discipline practised in his day had not perhaps after all been responsible for bringing out the good in him?

Following the visitors

round, talking with some of them, was quite an experience. The whole institution was thrown wide open, to be viewed like an Ideal Home exhibition. Nothing was hidden. The cells, incongruously called 'rooms', came in for a good deal of attention. The walls of most of these were plastered with pin-ups of luscious film stars. Although it is not the same in every borstal, at this one a boy can have as many of them as he chooses, and nearly all of them chose Miss Diana Dors and Miss Jayne Mansfield to help to brighten their young lives. Concerned parents prodded the beds, to find out how uncomfortable they might be, and were astonished to find them not uncomfortable at all. One largely built mother exclaimed to her son: 'Fred you're for ever grumbling at home because you've nowhere to be by yourself with the kids all over the place, so you've nothing to fret over here, with a room of your own, now have you?' Loud laughter greeted this sally. It was exceptional that afternoon to come across any face bearing a trace of sorrow, of embarrassment even. As relatives or friends of the inmates, all of them had passed through much the same experience. A boy had been taken away from them and locked up. But the place he had been taken to,



Saying goodbye to boys leaving a borstal institution

they now saw, was different from the one they had imagined.

Many of the girl friends had brought cameras with them. One constantly came across inmates posing for a photograph. This seemed to me at first rather odd. Why should a boy want a picture of himself while serving a sentence? A snapshot with the caption under it 'Billy, at Borstal, 1959' would scarcely be a welcome addition to the family album. But that little problem had been taken care of: besides bringing their cameras, the girl friends had brought fancy hats with them—those cowboy hats so popular with holiday-makers at the seaside. It was remarkable how different a boy looked with a Wyatt Earp model on his head. It took the curse off his institution uniform, for one thing. For another, it lent him an air of authority. Billy, as a sheriff of the Wild West, could pass himself off in any album.

Jazzed-up Hymns

On such a day as this, the chaplain naturally wished to attract attention to the chapel. With the organ going at full blast, he stood singing hymns. And what was so delightful about the hymns was that they had been jazzed up; set to rousing modern tunes, in place of the doleful, ancient ones. This experiment had been made to get the boys, on Sundays, to enjoy the chapel service instead of enduring it. A group of visitors paused at the open doorway, looking somewhat bewildered and definitely censorious.

'Come in, come in and make yourself at home', the chaplain called out to them, cheerfully. But the invitation fell rather flat. Obviously the visitors were not in favour of the innovation. To their way of thinking, it seemed, such crimes as had landed their offspring in borstal were bad enough: but hotting up hymn tunes was the absolute end. The chaplain, however, was unabashed. He said: 'I once asked a man to come into the chapel and make himself at home; and he turned out to be a Roman Catholic priest. He took it very well, though'.

The second borstal I stayed at surprised me even more than the first, although here the normal routine was being followed: no sports day this time. But it was an open borstal, where nobody is ever locked up unless he is being punished for some offence against the rules. So open was it, in fact, that nobody stopped me at the gate (which was also open) and I wandered a long way up the drive without seeing any sign of human life. In the far distance was a country mansion which I took to be the Governor's residence. Before I reached it, a boy approached me, looking rather worried. He said: 'Are you the author?' I told him I did a bit of writing, and he seemed more or less satisfied. It then turned out that he had intended to meet my bus, which was not yet due. Coming by taxi, I had arrived before my time. I apologized. 'Oh, that's all right', he said, and insisted on carrying my suitcase. 'We'll go and find the Governor'. Which we did.

This special borstal was to some extent run by the boys themselves. A routine was followed here that I think one would not find elsewhere. The Governor of this particular institution had his own extremely individual ideas of how to deal with the boys. He dealt with them in such a way as he hoped would earn him their respect and confidence. I know that some of the ideas he put into practice sound surprising. Anything that savours of the unconventional, particularly when met with in a government service, usually strikes a surprising note, and usually a welcome one.

Unusual Reception

I was most interested to learn of the unusual manner in which new boys arriving at this borstal were received. They were brought here by coach, in charge of the officers sent to collect them: but, once out of that coach, the officers handed them over to the other inmates, who immediately took them in hand. In fact, the boys do not meet the Governor until the following morning, by which time they have heard the worst, and the best, that is to be said of him, by those who can talk from experience.

I am certain, too, in the case of this particular Governor, that one of the things about him the boys would be likely to discuss would be his attitude towards punishing them. Not, as it happens, that they often incur punishment. But when it does become neces-

sary, this is what happens: a boy is made to scrub out cells, pick up stones, or do some other dreary task. At night he is locked in a cell, and sleeps on a board instead of a bed. There is nothing so unusual in that. What is unusual is that the Governor, on the occasions when he has to punish a boy, does that boy's punishment with him. He undergoes precisely the same hardships as the boy, even to sleeping in a cell at night. In short, he asks no boy to do what he is not prepared to do himself. He takes his orders from the officer on duty, just as the boy has to do.

When I left this borstal, a boy once more obligingly carried my suitcase; this time through the open gate, along the public highway, to the bus-stop. 'Well, sir', he said, 'what d'you think of the place?'

'Seems all right to me', I told him, 'what are your own feelings about it?'

'Oh', he said, 'I get on all right here. I shan't come back, of course, except of my own accord—to see the Governor. What d'you think of our Governor?'

I said that I would like to come back, too, some day, and see him again. And as we waited for the bus, I asked him what he thought about the Governor's idea of sharing a boy's punishment with him. 'Personally', he said, 'I think it shows how understanding he is. One or two of them, of course, think he's crackers. But then you can't please everybody, can you?'

'Indeed, you can't', I said.

Changes in Young Criminals

A borstal officer of long experience will tell you that the type of boy he now meets is a very different proposition from the one he used to deal with, which is to be expected when you consider how drastically the young offender has changed his habits. I was told, for instance, there used to be no difficulty in getting a boy to act as a leader—that is a sort of prefect. But nowadays boys are by no means so anxious to assume that position of responsibility. Again, in the old days, boys sometimes settled their differences with bare fists. Today they think in terms not of fists but of knives. Crime among young persons has increased, is increasing, and on the whole has become more violent. Yet the borstal system, we are told in the White Paper published last February, was not significantly changed by the Criminal Justice Act of 1948. In other words it has remained largely what it was in 1908.

This is rather an alarming thought. One would like to feel that in the new borstals being opened a system could be devised to meet the requirements of the modern, and it would seem far more sophisticated, borstal population. At present, out of every two boys who pass through borstal one goes wrong again. To improve that record, it would seem that what is needed, for a start, is an examination of the system, undertaken for the purpose of discovering where its failures chiefly lie. No doubt that is being done. But it is well to remember, I think, that time is not exactly on our side.—*Home Service*

Fellow Feeling

More than affectionately old,
Old clock,
With staid tick-tock,
Blocking out, rounding up
The intangible flow;
Warming-pan pendulum
Sedately swaying;
Minute hand stepping and staying,
Acting, enacting
Again and ago ...
After faint hum
You strike:
One (endless the wait before ...)
Two But this I especially like
Three comes sooner and the rest come
Quicker and quicker till the sum
Is told.

I. A. RICHARDS

Dissipated Octopuses

MAURICE DE SAUSMAREZ on the teaching of art to adolescents

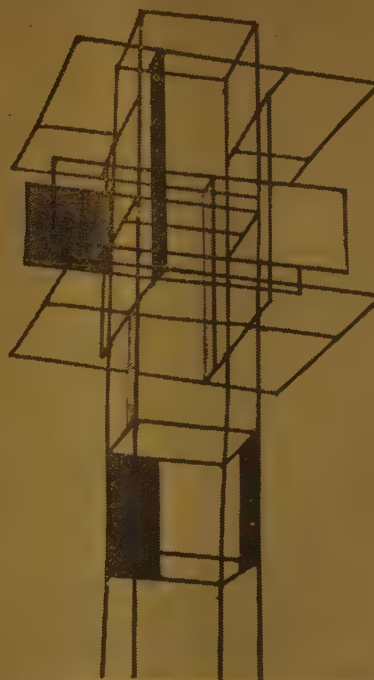
THE *Times Educational Supplement* recently published a number of photographs showing boys and girls at Little Lake school in California making their own solar cooker. Children of about ten were constructing a large dish-shaped cooker from scrap timber. Some were cutting cardboard and aluminium with shears, others were glueing the shapes to the timber structure, others were carefully covering the surface with metal foil; some again were fixing the metal rods, welded to make the spit. The excitement was obvious; everybody was intent on the job. The finished object looked beautiful; and it obviously worked—the sausages were cooked.

The caption did not say whether this was a lesson in elementary science or a lesson in the art room, but for me these photographs reinforced and clarified ideas I have had for some time about the failure of art education in the later stages of school life.

For some years I have been a visiting art examiner in training colleges for teachers. Year by year this has meant looking at the student-teachers' own paintings and sculpture and considering their approach to art in schools—in the infant, junior, or secondary schools in which they will one day work. It has seemed to me that the principles and general shape of art teaching in infant schools and junior schools in England are exemplary. Each year the exhibitions of children's work between five and ten years show beyond question how right the direction has been—the direction that in this country was largely set by the superb work of Marion Richardson.

But these exhibitions also show, and most people know by now, what heavy weather is made in the years beyond eleven. Something goes wrong. In place of the supremely confident out-pouring of the early years we get a tangled self-consciousness. Psychologists will say 'that's what one should expect'. I would reply that whereas the educational psychologists have done some really hard thinking and have found the best way of encouraging the young child, no one has as yet given anything like the same basic attention to adolescent art. So it is very much left to the teachers.

Some of the more intellectual ones may be busy studying the products of adolescent art, sorting out the pigeon-holes—'introvert', 'extravert', 'haptic', and the rest—into which the work falls or can be pushed, but few question the educational ideas on which most of it is done. I am sure that in the hands of a trained psycho-analyst this pigeon-holing could be of importance, but practised by art teachers untrained in psycho-analytical method it is likely to do harm. But anyway most teachers in their day-to-day practice work empirically and try to extend the range of their fourteen-year-olds in various ways, introducing 'folksy' craftwork or misguided little essays in conventional applied arts like wallpaper design. And though it is hard to believe this, there are even numbers of schools where the bastard activity of hand-painted repeat-pattern-making is still practised: one



Two examples of work by schoolchildren of fourteen to fifteen years: 'a welded metal structure on the seashore'—

unit produced again and again in a geometric grid by laboriously copying or tracing it—an idea that can only have real meaning in terms of a mechanical process—such as block printing or screen printing. Why do they do it? What is it for? No one in those schools has thought of asking the question.

Other art teachers go in for some sort of would-be commercial design—posters, imitative book-jackets—not infrequently with ghastly lettering. To my mind, all this is inappropriate to children and evades the real problem. And in painting there is the almost invariable tendency to encourage spectacular and violently dramatic subjects: one finds an unending series of pictures called 'Fire', 'The Explosion', 'The Raiders', 'Smash and Grab', 'Bonfire Night', 'Ecstasy', 'Depression'. The fallacy is to assume that



—and an articulated animal form made of scrap metal

this sort of exciting subject will necessarily produce an equally exciting picture.

Another false trail is the so-called 'abstract'. Have you ever seen a number of these things by fourteen- or fifteen-year-olds? It would surprise you how alike they are. They are said to be abstract but in most cases they are a curious misunderstanding of the idea of abstraction. They are usually based on a known object—'Buttons and Bows', 'Seaweed', 'Treble Clefs and Notes of Music', and so on. No attempt is made to understand the form or nature of the object: what the children tend to do is a jazzy arrangement of geometric shapes or amorphous waves of colour with these realistic or at any rate identifiable objects floating about in them, the whole thing looking like a dissipated octopus.

It is clear that they do not really come to terms with the true principles of abstract structures at all. I believe that the children do them in a way dictated by their own bone structure—the wrist and the elbow for instance act as fulcrums of a particular kind; it is easy to wheel your hand and arm round from left to right and to produce circular and zig-zag motions. And it is precisely these easy, mindless, undirected rhythms, shapes, loops, zig-zags and coils that appear again and again in these pictures. The same swirls and tentacles are now beginning to throttle even pottery and modelling. This is something entirely impersonal; faced with numbers of these one simply would not know which kind of child had done them. They are stereotypes—records of purely physical activity. You may say that surely this is what Jackson Pollock did, but in actual fact it is not, because he was already critically conscious, already an adult artistic intelligence.

Art teachers, when challenged on all these points I have been making, largely blame the present pattern of examinations for the General Certificate of Education, and I must say that reading through some of the recent examination papers I can well see how many of these questionable activities have been encouraged.

But behind it all, both the teaching itself and the examinations pattern, you can dimly perceive the line of thinking. The free and spontaneous work of the early years almost invariably diminishes and sometimes stops altogether, and ways of countering this must be found. These excursions into applied art, or imitative posters, or attempts to whip up another phase of so-called 'self-expression' are all means to this end. I say 'whip up' because I do believe this is not true self-expression. The pupil soon realizes that the words 'free' or 'lively' or 'exciting'—all words beloved of art teachers—are synonymous with the recording of purely physical rhythm, the excited swinging about of the arm, impulsive gesture and spontaneous stroke. Whatever the subject, he realizes that he is expected to make a certain kind of picture.

I came across a blatant example recently—two illustrations in a book by a distinguished American professor of art education. Both are drawings done by the same youth—one a profile done with a sharp pointed pencil, as lucid and strange as an Indian line drawing or a Pisanello; the other, on the opposite page, a physically vigorous chalk drawing in the manner of a German expressionist, and the caption under this one reads 'Free representation made by the same student, Frank Stewart, after applying correct stimulation'. 'Free' and 'correct'—is this not an instance of making

children slaves of an adult conception of 'freedom', diverting them from clarifying in their own terms their observations of reality and their desire to create order?

I am not arguing a case against 'action' painting: how could one in the face of the astonishingly rare achievements of a Jackson Pollock? Nor am I trying to open the door for dreary reactionaries who would like to teach perspective again. What I am questioning is the notion that expressive freedom is necessarily associated with certain specifically physical characteristics—making large and thick brushstrokes all over the paper or swinging the arm about in vigorous movement—or that it must necessarily mean releasing the latent melodramatic fantasies which we know exist in thirteen- or fourteen-year-olds.

One thing characteristic of children between eleven and sixteen is their widening horizon, their passion for the real objects and

situations encountered in the grown-up world. Today, of course, children are relating themselves not only to the world of nature but also to science. Even the way in which they tend to look at nature is changed by, say, the new conceptions of space in the universe, or new insights into the structure of the atom. In fact many children now have a reciprocal and related interest in man-made constructions (how things work, how they are put together) and the constructions of nature. It is precisely this dissecting analytical interest and this interest in building, in constructing, that I want to take up, because I believe it offers something posi-



Fish 'abstract' by a fourteen-year-old schoolchild

tive to art teaching that at present is almost ignored.

I do not at all believe that a child's aesthetic expression disappears at eleven-plus—I think it takes different forms. Just as in botany or biology children dissect and make diagrammatic records of the functional systems they find, so they should be encouraged to dissect and analyse forms in the art-room and make their own analytical drawings of the structural principles and systems they discover. These in turn should become the suggestive ideas for building equivalent systems and structures out of all sorts of materials—clay, cardboard, glass, plastic, sheet-metal, wire, and the techniques that go with them, cutting and welding and so on.

Some art teachers will tell me that they already do this kind of thing in making collages. This is just not so: it is true these collages are pictures built up from random materials, but because they are based on no real structural idea or discipline they simply turn out to be the same old dissipated octopus, only this time done in bits of old velvet, paper doilies and sequins. The important thing in what I have described is the connexion between all the phases in the evolution of the idea: the initial observation of the object, the process of analysing or dissecting it, the preparation of drawn analyses, then the turning of the structural system discovered into a new independent structure, equivalent to that of the object itself. There might even be a limitation in the materials to be used. You could set a group of children the task of making a new structure from only straight rods and flat planes, or from a series of elliptical shapes. I do not think it helps either a child or an artist to have unlimited freedom. After all the architect and the engineer are not absolutely free—and it is the child with a potential talent in those directions who would benefit most from all this.

Because of the technological slant that we are now giving to education, secondary schools must give a great deal of attention to such children, and yet they do so painfully little to develop their sort of talent aesthetically. In all probability a boy who plans to become an engineer will already have his mass-produced model aeroplane kit under the desk. But the excitement and the 'education' in actually designing the object, working out the materials to be used, seeing what was in the mind's eye become materially real—all this has been denied him. What is more, the workshop practice he may get at school does nothing to train his aesthetic sense. It is a sad fact that when schools have a vacancy for a metalwork or woodwork teacher they invariably advertise for a technical expert only, without inquiring about the candidate's qualities as an artist, a designer.

But this is a side-issue. I am not really arguing for this kind of art teaching because it might do good to engineers or to the export trade. I want to see it introduced for all kinds of teen-age children. The importance to me of the Little Lake school's solar cooker lies in the fact that it was an experience that was complete, even to the final stage when the children had to find the right position and tilt for the sun's light and heat to converge and do their cooking. If it is maintained that art is exclusively self-expression, then what these children have experienced is not art; but it is really true that it has no relation to artistic creative experience?

There is a constant give and take between the maker and the thing he makes, so that one cannot conceive of the artist as impressing *his* completely pre-determined mental image upon the object. He acts rather as a super-sensitive instrument for detecting and responding to the needs and demands of the evolving form. He is caught up in a creative rhythm in which one move, one colour, one structural element calls into being the next. I feel sure

that this must also be so in the case of music, and there are certainly many instances of writers suggesting that this sort of situation occurs.

I believe we should begin to introduce the adolescent to this idea that he does not dominate the object he makes but that he should respond to *its* evolving nature, to the inner principle of *its* growth. In doing this we shall have helped him to break through the egocentricity which reaches its most intense form at this stage of development. We shall have helped him to see and respect the nature of things.

Thus what I have in mind is not something exclusively geared to the talented pupil, or to the child with a technical gift. It could and should be equally valuable to every pupil in the class. This sort of artistic experience, because it is based on constructive factors and techniques, would help to get over that stage in adolescence when children become dissatisfied and bored with their own painting and drawing because their critical faculties have developed faster than their powers of execution.

But what I have been describing is no easy option. This sort of teaching would make great demands on the teacher. He himself would need to be creatively alive, inventive, resourceful, and intelligent. It would be both unfair and misleading not to mention the fact that something along these lines is now being done in one or two of the better secondary schools, but we really have not begun to tackle the problem. What I am pleading for is a development of individual sensibility and not the imposition of a system; at no point does it involve a mechanical application of theory. A pupil will have to face afresh each new configuration he makes as a form with a life and structure of its own. Sometimes it will be an abstract thing of pure geometry; sometimes a practical thing like that life-size solar cooker—which I confess I do consider to be a work of art.—*Third Programme*

Gravitation and the Atom

By GEOFFREY STEPHENSON

DURING the past few years there has been a considerable revival of interest among theoretical physicists in Einstein's general theory of relativity, and, surprisingly enough, this has sprung not only from those scientists working on the theory itself but also from those concerned with the quantum theory of the atom.

I want to try to explain why this theory of gravitation, put forward in 1915, has received so much recent attention, and why it may be of importance to the quantum theory, the basic mathematical tool of the atomic physicist, which for the last thirty years or more has been invaluable in describing the microscopic world of the atom. But, despite its many successes in dealing with the interactions of the various elementary particles which make up the atoms, quantum theory does not explain the *structure* of these particles. For example, the problem of the masses of the particles is unsolved, and it is not known why some of them, like the proton and electron, are electrically charged, while others, like the neutron, are uncharged.

Many physicists believe that some new physical principle may be required before the problems of the elementary particle are finally solved, while others feel that some of these problems at least may be cleared up by uniting quantum theory and general relativity.

Before trying to explain the basic differences between these two theories, and some of the recent attempts to combine gravitation and atomic theory, I must sketch the two chief developments in Einstein's work on relativity. The *special* theory of relativity, published in 1905, grew out of attempts to reconcile two well-established theories. On the one hand, we had the whole weight of Newton's theory of mechanics, and on the other, Maxwell's theory of light waves and electric and magnetic forces. But when at the end of the last century attempts were made to relate these two theories, certain difficulties arose which could

only mean that one of the theories was deficient in some way.

It was at this point that the pioneers of relativity, Einstein, Lorentz, and Poincaré, seriously brought into question the foundations of Newtonian mechanics. Einstein showed that by throwing away the ideas of absolute space and time accepted by Newton, a new theory of mechanics—special relativity—could be set up, which would be consistent with Maxwell's electromagnetic theory. In everyday experience, special relativity gives virtually the same results as Newtonian theory; only for particles moving with speeds close to that of light do the two theories give widely different answers. However, by appealing to the results of numerous experiments on elementary particles moving at these very high speeds, it has been established that the observations are accurately described by special relativity, and not by Newtonian mechanics.

Although, as I have mentioned, special relativity and Newtonian theory give more or less the same results for slowly moving particles, the basic assumptions and foundations of the two theories are entirely different. The revolution in our ideas of space and time, and energy and mass, which came with the development of special relativity has been responsible, in particular, for our understanding of the equivalence of mass and energy. This, in turn, led to the realization that a vast amount of energy would be liberated if, by some means or other, a small amount of matter could be destroyed. The atomic bomb and nuclear power stations are examples of the logical development of these fundamental ideas.

In addition to these and other practical consequences, special relativity in principle also enables the laws of Nature to be written in a mathematical form which is the same for all observers not acted on by a force. These observers are called inertial observers. In fact *special* relativity has been an intrinsic part of fundamental physics for over thirty years now, and as yet no experimental

evidence has been obtained which suggests that the theory is seriously at fault. The *general* theory of relativity, developed by Einstein in 1915, gives a new description of the gravitational field which includes Newton's theory of gravitation in the first approximation. Besides this, the field equations of gravitation are written in a mathematical form which is valid for all observers, whatever their motion, so removing from gravitation the privileged position of the inertial observer of special relativity.

Orbit of the Planet Mercury

It was well known at that time that Newtonian gravitational theory was adequate for most purposes. For instance, the paths of the planets round the sun could be calculated and found to agree with astronomical observations to a high degree of accuracy. However, a series of observations on the planet Mercury had revealed that its elliptical orbit round the sun rotates slowly in its plane relative to the fixed stars of our galaxy. Part of this small effect can be accounted for by Newtonian theory as being due to the gravitational pull of the other planets, but even allowing for this an angle of rotation of something like one-eightieth of a degree every 100 years is left to be explained. So great was the belief in the universal validity of Newton's theory of gravitation that suggestions were made about the possible existence of a new planet, which would produce just this additional amount of rotation; but observations failed to reveal the existence of any such planet. It is remarkable that, despite the smallness of this unexplained angle of rotation, the whole complex mathematical structure of general relativity was needed before a completely satisfactory explanation could be given.

After this initial success general relativity predicted two other gravitational effects. One of these was that a light ray should be bent on passing through a gravitational field. This effect was first shown to exist during the solar eclipse of 1919 by observations of light rays from the distant stars as they passed through the sun's gravitational field. The second prediction was that the wavelengths of light emitted by atoms should be influenced by a gravitational field. This led to the search for a shift of the lines of the solar spectrum towards higher wavelengths; an effect which was subsequently observed. Within the limits of experimental accuracy both of these predictions of general relativity are found to be in fair agreement with the theoretical results. Nevertheless, the number of direct experimental checks on the general theory is small, and many more would be welcome. Interesting possibilities have recently been suggested making use of artificial earth satellites, instead of having to rely on observations on the *natural* planets, and it seems likely that further checks on the theory will be obtained in this way fairly soon.

A most important feature of the general theory is the interpretation of gravitation in terms of geometry. A simple illustration of what this means can be given by considering the surface of a taut rubber sheet. If I place a heavy weight on this sheet, the surface becomes deformed and bulges most in the neighbourhood of the weight itself. This is analogous to the situation in general relativity, where geometrical curvature of space and time is a measure of the strength of the gravitational field. General relativity is essentially a geometrical theory of space and time, and in this way differs from all the other physical theories.

I must now return to the point I mentioned earlier—the ability in general relativity to express the laws of gravitation in such a way that they are valid for *all* observers. It seems natural to try to apply this way of formulating physical laws to other theories, and, in particular, to the quantum theory of the atom.

Dirac's Relativistic Quantum Theory

A big step towards this goal was made in 1928 by Dirac, who successfully showed how to unite special relativity and quantum theory. This enabled the quantum laws to be written in a mathematical form valid for all inertial observers. This relativistic quantum theory gives a much more accurate description of the properties of atoms than the old non-relativistic quantum theory, and is today well established as a basic part of theoretical physics. But perhaps the most significant result of this unification of special relativity and quantum theory is that

it gives a satisfactory explanation of the spin of the electron, a concept which had been introduced earlier in non-relativistic quantum theory but not properly understood. In making this unification the idea of a particle as an extended body in space has to be given up and replaced by the notion of a structureless mathematical point in space-time. Many attempts have been made to overcome this rather unphysical picture of a particle, all without success, and I shall return to this problem later on.

We now meet a most fundamental and baffling problem; for although the marriage of quantum theory and special relativity was made by Dirac in 1928, so far all attempts to link general relativity to quantum theory have failed. Quantum theory, therefore, is not expressed in a way which is valid for all observers. To see what this problem implies, I must mention some of the basic ideas behind quantum theory, and compare them with those of general relativity.

Quantum theory deals only with the *probabilities* of events taking place. According to the principles of the theory it is impossible, for instance, to specify exact values of the position and momentum of a particle at a given instant of time. The more accurately we know the particle's position, the more uncertain we are of its momentum, and vice versa. This uncertainty principle, due to Heisenberg, is inherent in the theory, and has nothing to do with experimental errors of observation. General relativity, however, is a geometrical theory of space and time, and makes no mention of probabilities or limitations on the measurement of physical quantities.

Gravitation's Unique Position in Physics

In the case of other physical theories, such as Maxwell's theory of electromagnetism, these quantum limitations can be included by performing certain mathematical operations, difficult to explain in words, which we call quantization. These quantized theories are consistent with the principles of special relativity, and have been highly successful in explaining a large number of the properties of atoms and nuclei. But, up to the present time, a successful quantization of the gravitational field, as described by the general theory of relativity, has not been achieved because of extreme mathematical difficulties. Gravitation, therefore, has a unique position in physics at the moment in stubbornly refusing to be united with other physical theories. Considerable efforts are being made by many scientists to overcome the difficulties in the way of quantizing the gravitational field, and recently Dirac, who was responsible for reconciling *special* relativity with quantum theory, has taken up the problem. Although it is too early to predict the results of a satisfactory quantization of general relativity, there seems some reason to believe that the idea of a point particle, which I mentioned earlier as unsatisfactory, may be replaced by something more akin to our everyday concept of an extended body. This in itself would go some way to removing some of the mathematical difficulties of present-day quantum theory.

Not all physicists by any means believe that general relativity should be treated in this quantum fashion, and the extreme difficulties met in trying to solve this problem are, to them, indications that we may be attempting an unnecessary, if not impossible, task. They argue that general relativity, at the present time, only refers to massive bodies like the sun and the planets where gravity is the predominant force, whereas on the atomic scale, the gravitational forces are insignificant in comparison with the other atomic and nuclear forces.

This sort of argument against trying to quantize the gravitational field may, however, be misleading. For example, although the effects of electron spin are known to be small compared with those of many other atomic properties, the explanation of spin itself only came about, as I said just now, by Dirac's unification of special relativity and quantum theory.

It seems, then, that if we insist on having a quantum description of the whole of physics we must either succeed with the problem of quantizing the gravitational field, or agree to exclude gravitation from the quantum-like approach. Other ideas have been suggested which involve changing some of the principles of quantum theory: in particular, the probabilistic interpretation, so as to bring it more into line with general relativity. These ideas are not taken very seriously at present because of

the outstanding successes of orthodox quantum theory, and some quantum modification of general relativity is more likely to be the answer.

Einstein, however, did not take this view. Throughout his life he maintained a firm belief in the geometrical approach of general relativity, and regarded quantum theory, despite its great successes, as a makeshift theory. One of the reasons for this was his dislike of the probability description it gives, and he looked on our inability to specify certain physical quantities exactly as an expression of our ignorance. As Dr. Bonnor described in a recent talk*, Einstein devoted the last forty years or so of his life to the development of a new geometrical and deterministic theory, which he hoped would describe the whole of physics and do away with the need for quantum theory. In his theory, the properties of the elementary particles were to be given by certain solutions of the field equations. But these solutions have never been found and Einstein's approach to the problem is regarded by most physicists at the present time as ill-founded, in that it runs contrary to the orthodox and well-tested ideas of quantum theory.

A new type of theory of particles and fields has recently been

put forward by Misner and Wheeler in America. In the first part of their work, they show how the equations of gravitation and electromagnetism may be interpreted purely in terms of geometry. This geometry is eventually to be quantized, so that quantum uncertainty appears here as an uncertainty in the shape of space-time. It is difficult to give a simple picture of the mathematical ideas of this theory, but the surface of a rubber sponge is perhaps a good illustration of what space looks like on the atomic scale, the particle being analogous to the space joining two holes in the surface of the sponge. Misner and Wheeler's theory is still in its early stages, and it is not yet clear whether their ideas will help in solving the problem of the elementary particles. There is good reason to believe that quantum theory plus gravitation will go some way towards this, but exactly how we do not yet know.

We are now at a most interesting and fundamental stage in the problem of gravitation and the atom. Whatever the final outcome, it will be surprising if we are forced to abandon much of either quantum theory or general relativity. But Nature is full of surprises.—*Third Programme*

* Published in THE LISTENER of March 26

The Tristram Picnic

A poem by HILARY CORKE

The sky being blue, the air being sweet,
The prognostications favourable
(For so said Buttress as she set
The tea upon the bedside table),
Lady Tristram has decided
To accept the slice of sun provided
And take, for once in a long while,
A picnic in the English style.

She has chopped up sage and onions fine
And stuffed them in an Aylesbury duck;
The which with lettuce, rolls and wine,
Orange jelly, and eggs for luck,
She stuffs in turn into a hamper
With knives and napkins—all to pamper
The members of that curious species
Of human female known as nieces.

Then hamper, nieces, nephews too,
She finally packs into her chariot.
The coachman gets the *View-halloo!*
'Aunt Harriet has forgot the parrot,
But little else!' the nieces cry
As down the sunken lanes they fly
By gravels dappled green and blue
To reach the poetic rendezvous.

Now all you winds of south and west,
Run with your vacuum-cleaners soon.
To suck the greensward dry of dust
That Lady Tristram may sit down!
And all you trees like footmen stand,
A silver salver in each hand
Replete with cherries bunch on bunch
For Lady Tristram's picnic lunch!

You flowers that spring so carelessly,
Arrange yourselves in rows at once!
And all you birds upon the tree,
Practise more elegant antiphons;

Attempt to sing in tune at least
And peck away that little beast
Whose voice is breaking!—all must go
That is not quite precisely 'so'.

And you heavenly mansion-maids upstairs
That fall upon your knees to rub
The azure ballroom of the spheres,
Go careful with the washing tub
And do not spill the crystal slops
Lest any of the escaping drops
Should water down the *pleinairiste*
Delights of Lady Tristram's feast!

And when all's done, the duck is flown,
And wistful Lady Tristram lies
Full-length but gingerly upon
The sleepy grass and counts the flies,
And tries to count her precious nieces
Who are showing off their maiden paces
By races to the gramophone
(So difficult for the chaperone!).

Be ready, all you blackberry bushes,
In case some subtler niece breaks through
And runs to you to hide her blushes
(And possibly a nephew, too);
Cling about her, breast and thigh,
Shield her from the telescope eye—
The parted lips, the tumbled hair,
And all her small disorder there!

Now in the west the lavender
Spokes of the evening gently twirl
As in the dusk the coach and pair
Along the misty byways hurl.
The horses sigh, the coachman dozes;
The sleepy children clutch their roses
And watch for home till, half awake,
They see its lights across the lake.

B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

April 1-7

Wednesday, April 1

The *Economic Survey, 1959*, is published

The Minister for Education outlines plans for reorganizing schools and improving school buildings

Thursday, April 2

Names proposed by Archbishop Makarios for Greek Cypriot members of a transitional Cabinet in Cyprus include those of four former leading members of Eoka

The Southern Rhodesian Parliament approves a motion calling for the admission of non-Europeans to the Civil Service

Friday, April 3

Foreign Ministers at meeting of North Atlantic Council in Washington agree on importance of standing firm over Berlin

Mr. Nehru confirms that the Dalai Lama has reached India and says that the Tibetan leader will be granted political asylum there

B.O.A.C. suspends the San Francisco-Tokyo section of their new gas-turbine air link round the world because the United States Civil Aeronautics Board has not yet given permission for service to be operated from San Francisco

Saturday, April 4

Nato Council meeting ends in Washington

Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery is to visit Moscow at the end of the month

France wins International Rugby Union championship for the first time, beating Wales by eleven points to three

Sunday, April 5

The Panchen Lama arrives in Lhasa to take over the local government of Tibet

Russia protests to the United States about the alleged violation of flight regulations on the route to Berlin

The Governor of Cyprus approves transitional Cabinet proposed by Greek and Turkish leaders in Cyprus

Monday, April 6

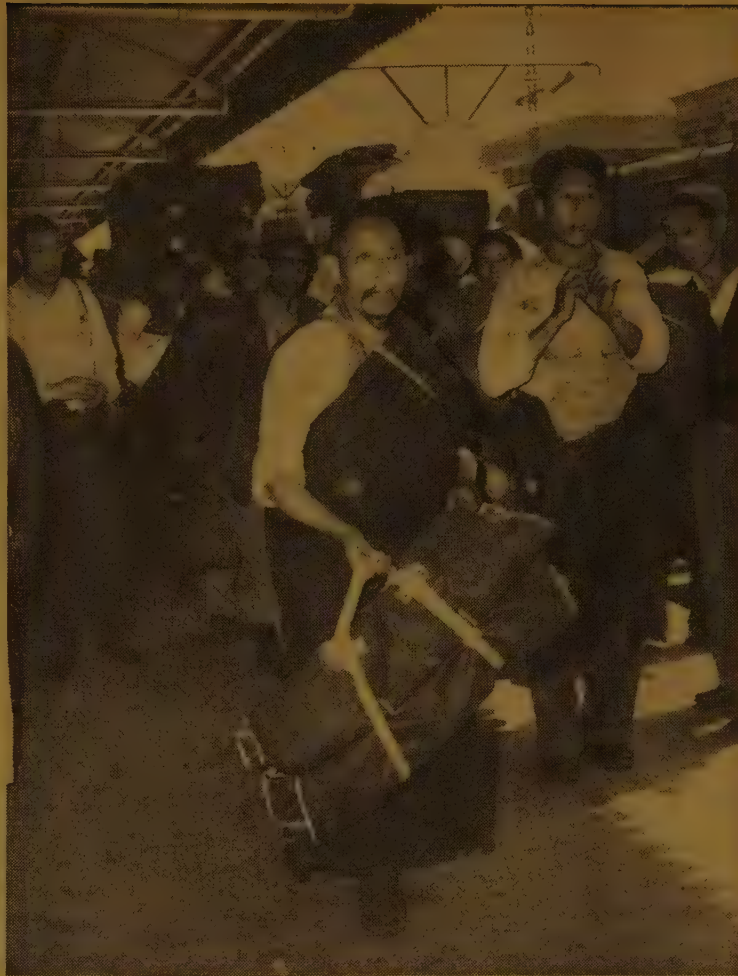
White Paper on the United Kingdom's balance of payments shows that there was a record surplus of earnings over spending in 1958

The American State Department rejects Soviet charges about the level of high flying in the air corridor to West Berlin

Tuesday, April 7

Chancellor of the Exchequer announces Budget proposals including a reduction of 9d. in the £1 in income tax; reductions of one-sixth in most levels of purchase tax; 2d. a pint off the price of beer, and a two-year reduction in the age limit for eligibility for post-war credits

Dr. Adenauer to be the Christian Democratic Party's candidate for the West German Presidency in September



Some of the members of a delegation of eighty Tibetans who travelled to Delhi early last week to seek help for their country. It is now known that the Dalai Lama of Tibet and his party entered Indian territory on March 31 after a two-weeks' journey on horseback over 300 miles of some of the roughest mountain country in the world



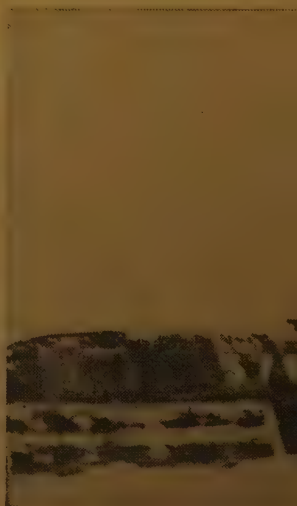
The Queen talking to a young patient at the King Edward VII Hospital at Windsor which she visited on April 2



President Eisenhower addressing a crowd April 2 which marked its tenth anniversary of negotiations with the Soviet Union. Second from left is Vice President Nixon.



The great memorial to the dead of the Battle of Britain takes the form of an underground passage. It is hoped to be completed by 1960.





session of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization in Washington on April 1. In his speech the President said that the West would continue their efforts to go on making concrete and realistic proposals on world problems. Behind him is Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, the British Foreign Secretary



Spanish Civil War which was inaugurated by General Franco on April 1. It is carved out of a granite hill in the Valley of the Fallen, near Madrid, where more than a million died. A 400-foot cross surmounts the basilica



Mr. Harold Macmillan inspecting a Lightning supersonic fighter during his visit to the R.A.F. station at Cottesmore, Rutland, on April 1, home of the first V-force squadrons



Members of Billy Smart's Circus giving a performance in a street in Merthyr, Wales, last week for some crippled children (left) who were unable to visit the circus

Left: the American nuclear submarine *Skate*, which recently set up a new record for distance and time under the ice on a voyage under the North Pole, photographed as she surfaced through the ice. The *Skate* surfaced ten times during the voyage



'A Versailles, à Versailles': a contemporary engraving of the women of Paris on October 5, 1789

Faces in the Crowd

By ASA BRIGGS

THE main reason why the study of social history is less advanced in Britain than overseas is that in this country social history is usually considered as an alternative to political history. Indeed, one of the best-known British descriptions of the scope of social history is 'history with the politics left out'. This approach, more often implicit than explicit, has unfortunate effects on the writing of history as a whole. Political and economic history are kept separate, the former retaining the more substantial academic prestige. At the same time the writing of social history, more popular outside universities than in them, is swayed by fashion and scarcely influenced by discipline. At worst it is thought of simply as the history of everyday things; at best it is a series of unconnected separate studies, a description of backgrounds rather than an analysis of problems.

On the other side of the Atlantic and on the Continent, social history is treated with greater respect. No American would equate an outline of the political history of his country with the history of the United States. No modern French historian would be content to discuss the problems of modern French political history in straight political terms. To some extent, of course, the themes themselves provide the challenge. Revolutions are more exciting than reform bills, the opening up of the American West is more exhilarating than the opening up of the British North.

There is more to the matter than that, however, for in France, in particular, the study of

social history in recent years has become disciplined as well as stimulating. New methods have been investigated, old terms abandoned. The most challenging problems in social history have emerged as precisely those which are most concerned with politics. Economic history has been brought increasingly into the analysis also, so that at first sight social history seems to be best described as economic history with the politics put in. Successive generations of scholars have been re-writing French political history in new perspective, puncturing stale rhetoric and propounding adventurous new hypotheses. Professor Mathiez wrote his fascinating monograph on the cost of living and social movements under the Terror as long ago as 1927; Professor Labrousse's monumental researches on prices and wages during the eighteenth century first began to be published in book form as long ago as 1933; and Professor Georges Lefebvre's pioneer studies of the provincial peasantry, of the panics of 1789 and of the psychology of revolutionary crowds, started to appear even earlier.

These writings are about social history in the broadest sense of the term—the history of society—and they draw on every kind of material and concept for their inspiration. Together they have given a new dynamic to the study of modern French history. It is a pleasure to welcome a new English monograph within this tradition—Mr. George Rudé's *The Crowd in the French Revolution**—a careful and well documented study of the French Revolution seen from below. The British ignorance of new

trends in social history is revealed in a recent description of Mr. Rudé's book as 'unusual'. In fact it is a fine example of a new social history which has already established itself in France, although not in this country, and as Mr. Rudé himself remarks, without the new direction and stimulus which the work of men like Labrousse and Lefebvre had provided, this present volume might never have been attempted.

Historians old and new have been compelled to pay attention to the role of the Paris crowds during the years of revolution. The older historians, however, in what may be called the classic accounts of the French Revolution, treated the crowd as an abstraction. They praised it or vilified it as a whole—according to their own political outlook—or, like Carlyle, viewed it poetically and dramatically as an 'immeasurable Thing' which could not be reduced to 'a dead-logic formula'. To Burke, writing at the time of the Revolution, and to Taine, writing in the eighteen-seventies, the crowd was a 'mob, gullible, destructive, and vicious, composed, as Burke put it, of 'cruel ruffians and assassins, reeking with . . . blood'. To Michelet, writing in the eighteen-forties, and to the radical Professor Aulard, writing in the first decade of the twentieth century, the crowd was 'the People'—*Paris tout entier*—alert and vigilant in the cause of the Revolution.

These contesting judgements reveal more about Burke, Taine, Michelet, and Aulard than they do about the Revolution itself. So, indeed, do all unqualified historical statements about 'the

mob' and 'the People'. They express fear or pride rather than genuine understanding. Like the word 'masses', which began to be popular in industrialized, urbanized England in the eighteen-forties, they are—or were—heavily charged with emotion.

From 'Mob' to 'Masses'

The shift from the word 'mob' to the word 'masses' was a consequence of the development of a new kind of industrial social structure, conceived of in terms of 'class'. Fear of the working classes took the place of fear of the crowd. Behind both kinds of fear, however, was a basic concern for property and a consequent horror of disorder. Before working-class power was organized and canalized, before it expressed itself in institutions and routines, it was possible to retain—even in an industrial society—contempt for all kinds of mass action. In 1837, for example, Charles Knight, the London publisher, produced a little book called *Sketches of Popular Tumults, illustrative of the Evils of Social Ignorance*. It had this to say of what it called 'tumults of political excitement':

Instead of a mixed association of men from every rank in the community, a riot presents us only with a mob composed of the very lowest orders—lowest, we mean, not merely in station, but in mental culture and in character. . . . To compensate for the absence of all the sounder and more respectable part of the population—of the more sober, industrious, and intelligent labourers, as well as of all the middle and higher classes—there are blackguards of all sorts in plenty, the idle, the vagabond, the prize-fighter, the prostitute, the thief—all, in short, who love mischief for its own sake, or who have an interest in throwing everything into confusion, that they may prey with the more success upon the rest of the community.

By the time that this book was published there had been an Industrial Revolution in Britain and the Chartist movement was taking shape, and the author deliberately considered the possibility of what he called 'an insurrection of the mere labouring population, uncountenanced and unassisted by the upper classes'. In 1789, however, as Mr. Rudé shows convincingly, there was no distinctive working class in Paris, least of all a working class conscious of its special position in society:

Even when they formed a majority of the local population, the wage earners lacked the attributes of a distinctive social class. . . . It was the food riot rather than the strike that was still the traditional and typical form of popular protest; and in this not only journeymen, labourers, and city poor, but small shopkeepers, craftsmen, and workshop masters joined in common opposition to farmers, millers, bakers, hoarders, grain merchants and city authorities.

Given this background, the writing of the social history of the Revolution becomes more difficult than the writing of episodes in later industrial history—or, if not more difficult, it needs greater originality of approach. Not only must old terms like 'mob' and 'people' be treated with caution, but new terms like 'class' must be used, precisely. A discipline is thus enforced in the writing of social history, and it becomes a critical study, requiring analysis as well as imagination.

Mr. Rudé has no difficulty in showing that the revolutionary crowds were not composed

of 'bandits', 'brigands', or '*dernière plèbe*', as Burke and Taine suggested. For the most part they consisted not of social misfits or 'blackguards' but of small masters, craftsmen, wage-earners, shopkeepers, and petty traders. They were, indeed, a more or less representative cross-section of the 'common people' of Paris, socially distinguishable from the political leaders of the Revolution, who were drawn from the commercial *bourgeoisie*, the professions, and the liberal aristocracy. All this information about the crowds is derived from a kind of historical identification parade. The police records in the Archives Nationales and the Paris Prefecture of Police provide detailed information about prisoners' occupations, addresses, ages, provinces of origin, degrees of literacy, and previous criminal records. They are supplemented by surveys, both of facts and opinions, drafted by police agents of the Paris Commune, the Central Bureau of Police, and the Ministry of the Interior.

Unique Riots

Such invaluable materials are not always available to the historian—not all police systems were as systematic or as centralized as the French—but Mr. Rudé makes excellent use of them. Perhaps he does not discuss sufficiently fully the difficulties in treating people arrested, killed, or wounded as a fully representative sample of the crowd, but his coverage of events is comprehensive. He examines the composition of the crowd on a number of specific occasions, from the Réveillon riots of April 1789, to the contrasting Vendémiaire disturbances of October 1795. He directs attention to the special features of the first and last of these 'popular tumults'. The Réveillon riots were unique in the history of the Revolution in that they represented an insurrectionary movement of wage-earners as a separate social group: the disturbances of October 1795 were unique in that they were engineered not by *sans culottes*, as on all other occasions, but by dissident tax-payers and property owners. All the other manifestations of revolutionary activity were supported by a considerable section of the Paris population as a whole, although there were significant variations in the forms of activity, and two particular districts of Paris, the *faubourgs* St. Antoine and St. Marcel, were most frequently and wholeheartedly engaged.

No previous historian has been so successful as Mr. Rudé in breaking down a revolutionary crowd into its social components. Sometimes, indeed, we catch glimpses of the actual faces in the crowd. On other occasions we pick up comments and directives. One of the rioters of July 1789, engaged in destroying customs posts, told a fellow rioter: 'Burn if necessary, for we're told to do that, but no stealing, for that's forbidden'. On the road to Versailles Elizabeth Girard, '*bourgeoise de Paris*', heard people saying—particularly journeymen—that they had lost a day's work, and that if the king did not return to Paris and if his guards were not killed, Lafayette's head would have to be stuck at the end of a pike. After the trial and execution of Hébert and his followers, police reporters noted widespread popular apathy and disillusionment: 'In the cafés you will notice that those who used to talk a great deal now say nothing'. Women figured prominently in the revolutionary crowd, and Mr. Rudé is as much con-

cerned with markets and with bakers' shops as with political clubs and revolutionary newspapers.

The concern is related to what he calls the 'motivation' of the crowds. The mainspring of popular insurrection, as he sees it, both during the Revolution and in the eighteenth century as a whole, was the demand for cheap and plentiful bread and other necessities. Viewed from below, the social history of the French Revolution is economic history with the politics put in. Statistics of the cost of living and details of the development of revolutionary ideas must be set side by side.

There are two interesting implications of this approach. First, the alliance between the Mountain and the Parisian *sans culottes* needs to be explained: it cannot be taken for granted as a kind of common partnership in violence. It was an alliance which took time to create and was always threatened by divergences of interest. Second, the crowd had social aims of its own, which were sometimes advanced against the advice—and even against the interests—of the revolutionary leaders. The most important of these claims was the claim to food, but the crowd was influenced too by what Mr. Rudé calls 'defensive reactions'; attempts to preserve threatened or traditional rights. It could be as afraid of its 'enemies' as its enemies were afraid of it. Thus, 'the overthrow of the monarchy was as much the final act in a movement of self-defence against counter-revolutionary intrigue as the logical outcome of plans hatched by consistent Republicans'.

Beyond Le Bon's Analysis

Such an analysis not only goes far beyond Burke, Taine, or, in a different school, Michelet and Aulard, but flatly contradicts the massive generalizations about crowd psychology which can be found in a book like Gustave Le Bon's *The Crowd, A Study of the Popular Mind*. In this influential book, which first appeared in Paris in 1895, Le Bon was concerned with what he called 'the substitution of the unconscious action of crowds for the conscious activity of individuals'. He went on to argue that crowds are moved by instinct rather than by reason, 'more under the influence of the spinal cord than the brain'. Whereas Mr. Rudé begins with the crowd and seeks to break it down into its component parts, Le Bon—and many other writers since then—started with the individual and asked what happens to him when he gets caught up in a crowd. 'By the mere fact that he forms part of a crowd', Le Bon maintained, 'a man descends several rungs in the ladder of civilization. Isolated, he may be a cultivated individual: in a crowd he is a barbarian—that is, a creature acting by instinct. He possesses the spontaneity, the violence, the ferocity and also the enthusiasm and heroism of primitive beings, whom he further tends to resemble by the facility with which he allows himself to be impressed by words and images'.

Mr. Rudé is surely right to reject Le Bon's dogmatism, but he does not go far enough in his analysis—perhaps by the nature of his evidence he cannot go far enough—to take account of all the points which Le Bon raised. Given that the crowd made rational demands, need the violence have taken the pattern that it did? Violence is frequently referred to in this book—severed heads, hangings, even massacres—but

there is no general discussion of its extent, scope, and relevance. Nor is much said in general about the apparatus of law and order. On the economic plane, starting with rational demands, we soon reach the unasked question: Could Paris have been fed? Or was this economically or administratively impossible? On a third crucial question—the exact mechanism of revolt—the author admits that there was an element of spontaneity in the manifestations of crowd activity early in the Revolution which ‘defies a more exact analysis’. It is difficult to say how and at what stage the mass of participants was engaged and how the slogans and plans of action were communicated. How big was the mass? Who were the ringleaders? Or were there ringleaders? Was there, in Le Bon’s phrase, a substitution of ‘the unconscious action of crowds for the conscious action of individuals’?

At this point in the analysis it is not so much the social composition of the crowds but the

psychology both of individuals and groups which is relevant. We want to know not only who owned the faces in the crowd, but what were the expressions on them. Because of lack of documentation the historian cannot answer all these questions. In the past, however, as Mr. Rudé remarks, they have been as much unwilling as unable, holding that ‘they belong more particularly to the province of the sociologist or specialist in crowd psychology’. Their reluctance springs from a narrow interpretation of the scope of social history and the themes that the social historian should study. The leaders of the new French school of historians suffer from no such self-denying ordinances. They are less concerned with smooth writing than with hard thinking. They stretch the discipline of history until it touches questions which cannot be answered. Only then do they reach the frontiers of their subject.

English social history continues to offer many

unrealized opportunities. Already Mr. Rudé has written extremely interesting papers about the Gordon Riots, concerning himself with both rioters and victims. He is now turning his attention to the earlier eighteenth century. For later years, after the rise of the factory system, somewhat different kinds of analysis are necessary, and the centre of interest shifts from London to the provinces. Only when these researches have gone much further will the nineteenth century in English history cease to be what Sir Lewis Namier called it not long ago—‘the unknown century’. In some respects, however, the English are more presumptuous than the French, for many of them think they already know all that there is to know about nineteenth-century social and political history. The difference between Mr. Rudé’s careful analysis and the stock interpretations of the French Revolution only a few years ago should be a corrective to complacency.—*Third Programme*

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

British Coal Exports

Sir—Mr. John Raven recalls (THE LISTENER, April 2) that it is not long ago that the Government and the National Coal Board were thinking in terms of a continuing fuel gap. On July 20, 1955, the Minister of Fuel and Power spoke in Parliament about improving fuel efficiency. He anticipated saving coal by using oil in electricity supply, in gas manufacture, and in general industry. He thought that by 1960 oil would be used to replace 25,000,000 tons of coal. After 1960 there would be nuclear power as well.

This is the Government’s strategy both for enabling coal to renew its strength as a great industry and for bridging the fuel gap.

In April 1956 *Investing in Coal* was produced by the National Coal Board with the following theme:

The National Coal Board’s task is to raise the output of coal as high as they can to meet the country’s increasing need for energy.

Four assumptions were made: (1) continued growth of fuel efficiency; (2) rapid increase of the use of oil; (3) the development of nuclear power; and (4) rapid and continuous economic growth.

It is this fourth assumption that has proved unreliable. Sir John Maud, giving evidence to the Select Committee on the Nationalized Industries (April 1958), said that the Ministry estimated a rate of economic growth of 4 per cent. per annum. The fact is that the index of industrial production is at present only about the same as in 1955. Yet, when I called the attention of the Paymaster-General to the growing stocks of coal, he replied in May 1957 that:

No one in the mining industry need be in any way concerned that we now have large stocks. They exist because of the recent exceptionally mild weather. There can be no doubt that for many years to come we shall need all the coal we can get.

Owing to competition from oil, fuel efficiency,

clean air, the greater efficiency of nuclear power plants, and economic stagnation, home consumption of coal fell by 5,000,000 tons in 1957 and a further 10,300,000 tons in 1958. The total fall was greater: 7,000,000 tons in 1957 and a further 13,300,000 tons in 1958.

Moreover, exports are meeting grave difficulties arising from price cutting by continental producers. Domestic consumption of coal accounts for only one-sixth of this decline in demand on the home market and exports have been halved since 1956.

What does Mr. Raven offer in these circumstances, apart from an excellent analysis of the coal situation? He shows that coal exports are desirable, but does he really show that they are possible?—Yours, etc.,

REGINALD MOSS

House of Commons, London, S.W.1

The Decline of the Left

Sir,—Professor Wright Mills appears to think (THE LISTENER, April 2) that the intellectual can escape from the prison of the Overdeveloped Society simply by thumbing his nose at the gaolers. But, as his own analysis shows, influential non-conformity is rarely tolerated by the organs of social power (mere crankiness or intellectual clowning are a different pair of shoes altogether). Virtually dispossessed of the means for making significant communication, how can the intellectual reaffirm his autonomy and convince the public that no free and creative society can exist without him?

‘We should write and speak for these (mass) media on our own terms or not at all’. But what if the Power Elites say—politely or at pistol point—‘not at all’? If the cultural climate is decisively conditioned by political structure, then the cultural decay Professor Mills deplores can be arrested only by a shift in the centres of power. And this is a task, surely, for some social group with political organization and political purpose.

Can Professor Mills tell us when a fundamental change of the sort he so clearly desires has been effected by a palace revolution of intellectuals, who, in their nature, lack the will and enthusiasm for power?—Yours, etc.,

Brighton

J. E. MILLER

‘Candida’

Sir,—Mr. Ian Rodger’s criticism of *Candida* (THE LISTENER, April 2) presents an interesting specimen of the way in which certain critics will argue themselves into a giddy circle in their efforts to denigrate the dramatic work of G.B.S. Mr. Rodger assures us that Morell and Marchbanks are forced by Shaw ‘to say things which they either would not or could not say if they were the flesh and blood that Shaw maintains they are’. But unless Shaw had already convinced us that Morell and Marchbanks were ‘flesh and blood’ and that in fact the independence and vitality of these characters were clearly established at the outset of the play, it would be impossible for Mr. Rodger to convince himself that their utterances violated their existence as characters and reduced them to ‘ciphers in a dramatized tract’.

But, of course, Mr. Rodger lets the cat out of the bag by telling us that Shaw’s ‘work is aging rather badly’. (This is like a Restoration attitude to Shakespeare and has, *mutatis mutandis*, more or less the same significance.) The fact that Shaw’s work goes on playing like Punch and Judy—I hesitate to say *My Fair Lady*—does not suggest that theatre is organizing itself to perpetuate an anachronism. No, the real anachronism is Mr. Rodger’s self-assurance that Shaw is a social reformer and not a playwright. At a bound he takes us back beyond *Saint Joan*, beyond *Heartbreak House* and similar works of the ‘social reformer’—to the opinions of Mr. William Archer. But then perhaps Mr. Rodger is not aware that Shavian criticism has passed beyond this stage.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.2

H. M. GEDULD

General Secretary of the Shaw Society

Sir,—Your critic (THE LISTENER, April 2) is unfair to Shaw's *Candida* which is not a political play. True, Morell is a socialist parson with a belief that rhetoric and crowded meetings can solve all problems. But there were any such clergy years ago, when speeches and sermons had real influence.

Morell is convincing enough, and so, in her play, is *Candida*—the womanly woman who is intelligent but not an intellectual. From a characterization point of view, the weakness of the play is in Marchbanks, the young poet. Except here and there, he is incredible and rather tiresome. But Shaw here faced an insoluble problem, for a poet on the stage can be convincing only if he can recite his own poetry, which must be good, or if his felicity of language testifies to his poetic capabilities. Marchbanks cannot so convince us—because Shaw was not a poet. Shaw could write witty, eloquent, and sometimes even moving prose, but the finer texture of poetic prose was beyond his range.

Candida can be regarded as a simple domestic drama, in which a rather low-temperature marriage triumphs over a fleeting romantic attachment founded on an illusory feeling of infinity. But at the end of the play Shaw fires a javelin salvo which is indeed explosive. After *Candida* has chosen Morell—because he is the weaker of the two—she asks Marchbanks: 'Am I your mother and sisters to you, Eugene?' Marchbanks scorns the domestic happiness he once craved and cries ('with fierce disgust') 'Ah never, Out, then, into the night with me'.

After *Candida* has told him to repeat the sentences: 'When I am thirty she will be forty—When I am sixty she will be seventy-five'. Eugene tells her 'In a hundred years we shall be the same age'. In other words: 'It will take a hundred years of your cosy domesticity to make you as experienced as I am now—because I am a poet'. The marriage, which Shaw defended because it ministered to human insufficiency, he now attacks because it smothers the creative artistic instinct, to which Shaw, through the words of Marchbanks, gives priority over all other claims.

It must be admitted that the play does seem rather slow by modern standards, possibly because it lacks action. Nevertheless, I do not think it is outdated, for the tensions it dramatizes are timeless ones, rooted in human nature.

Yours, etc.,

Kettering

W. A. PAYNE

Mary Rose'

Sir,—May I suggest that Mr. Ivor Brown in THE LISTENER of March 26) has missed the point of Barrie's play *Mary Rose*? It was not intended by its author to be a ghost story at all, but to dramatize an important and constantly recurring psychological condition.

Barrie wrote two plays to deal, first, with psychological fixation, viz., *Peter Pan*, the little boy who did not want to grow up, but who referred to live for ever in the Never Never land, the realm of phantasy; and secondly, to deal with psychological regression, *Mary Rose*, who shrank from the disappointment of inevitable frustration when her child grew up and no longer needed her. She, again, unconsciously chose to live in phantasy, the island that liked to be visited. She first took temporary refuge there as a child when the shocks

of adolescence began to impinge upon her mind, and later when she saw her son, an infant, in his nurse's arms on the mainland, and she realized that the time would come when he would have no need of her. Her life thereafter was spent in a half-real existence, seeking for something yet having forgotten what it was; actually, the satisfaction of her maternal instinct.

Many people live such lives, unhappy, unfulfilled, and of little use to the world, just because they have not the strength of mind to face and accept the challenge of the times in which they actually live. Such are, of course, a large proportion of the neurotics amongst us.

That the foregoing interpretation is correct I heard from the lips of the late Dr. Crichton Millar, a close friend of Sir James Barrie, and one of the three judges authorized by the editor of *The Bookman* to adjudicate upon the most correct interpretation in a competition opened by that journal at the time of the play's first presentation.—Yours, etc.,

Barton-on-Sea

HERBERT CRABTREE

Sir,—Mr. Ivor Brown, in his notice of the recent B.B.C. television production of *Mary Rose*, pointed out that 'the musical honours had been dropped', and many will have found this regrettable. The decision to include Norman O'Neill's well-known music in the original stage production of 1920 was not reached without careful consideration. The producer experimented first with 'weird noises', and with mechanical tricks for the disappearance. But these were rejected in favour of O'Neill's music, and on the first night Barrie generously greeted the composer with 'Well, O'Neill, I think we've made a success'. He reaffirmed his appreciation by describing the effect of O'Neill's music in the stage directions of the published text, thus virtually incorporating it in the play, and he told him in a later letter that 'it was a lucky day for me when you had that inspiration'. Fay Compton, the original Mary Rose, wrote of 'that beautiful, haunting music which in turn inspired us; the tremendous debt of gratitude I owed to that music I can never hope to repay'. Ernest Irving compared a performance of *Mary Rose* without O'Neill's music to 'a dance by a fairy with a wooden leg'.

This much is due to one of the most successful pieces of theatre music ever written. The recent television production appeared to show yet again that the play demands music for its full realization. That music need not, of course, be Norman O'Neill's, though it is perhaps unlikely that anyone will write anything better. Certainly no one could now write new music of comparable authority, which would be accepted by the author as fulfilling his artistic intentions.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.8

DEREK HUDSON

'The Everlasting Childhood'

Sir,—In his review of *The Everlasting Childhood* by R. P. Menday and John Wiles in THE LISTENER of March 26 Professor Sprott says of the children under the care of a local authority that 'No one has cared for them, why should they care for anybody besides themselves?' It has been my experience with this type of child in our Grantham Yorke Special School that he is, in fact, surrounded by much more care and attention than his opposite number in the class who lives at home. The number of voluntary bodies actively concerned with his

welfare manage to give him more material benefits in the way of holidays and outings than his teachers can afford for their own children.

Mr. Sprott seems to have overlooked the fact that these children, as Dr. Bolby has pointed out (*Child Care and the Growth of Love*) are incapable of reciprocating the goodwill and selfless love shown to them. Because they have missed the fundamental image of love endowed by a mother on a wanted child, they are unable ever to appreciate it in others or to return it.

Mr. Sprott says they are 'pushed around from one foster home to another'. It would be more correct to say that the person proposing to foster the child, knowing his case history, and wishing to give him the love he has never known, has a warm, emotional approach towards him and is consequently hurt when the expected response is not forthcoming in the child. This hurt can soon turn to hostility when the child's complete lack of gratitude and petty delinquencies become intolerable. So the child moves on.

What is not fully appreciated is that such an emotional approach is doomed to failure. It must be realized that although physically healthy, the child is an emotional cripple and cannot respond to us as we would like him to. Only if our love is based on a rational knowledge of his disabilities and requirements can we rise above emotional involvement and practise the non-attached love which is the only guarantee of the constant, unwavering relationship the child needs.—Yours, etc.,

Birmingham, 4

M. DUNCAN

A Mystery of the Sea

Sir,—In connexion with Mr. Langmark's letter relating to 'A Mystery of the Sea', the court martial found the collision between H.M.S. 'Victoria' and H.M.S. 'Camperdown' to have been due to an order given by Admiral Sir George Tryon 'to the two divisions in which the fleet was formed to turn sixteen points inwards, leaders first, the others in succession, the columns at that time being only six cables apart'.

The fateful accident seems to have been due to an extraordinary sequence of events. Tryon, having inverted the course of the two columns, placed them six cables apart. He was then told that the least distance apart to effect the manoeuvre was eight cables. He rejoined, 'Yes, it shall be eight cables'. The signal was hoisted, but the Staff-Commander noticed that six cables were indicated. He inquired of the flag-lieutenant whether this was correct and was shown the order in Tryon's handwriting. Still not satisfied he sent the flag-lieutenant down to the Admiral, who confirmed the six cables.

Yours, etc.,

Bedford

T. J. COCKERILL

B.B.C. requires Literary Editor, THE LISTENER, to be responsible for the literary and art pages of THE LISTENER (including the choice of original poems) and for supplements of a literary character. He must have a wide knowledge of literature and the literary scene and be familiar with the general run of current literature and authors, art exhibitions and art critics. Salary £1,255 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by seven annual increments to £1,735 p.a. maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.1071) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within five days.

Round the London Art Galleries

By ALAN CLUTTON-BROCK

FRANCIS GRUBER, whose work is being shown by the Arts Council at the Tate Gallery, was one of several French painters who learned from the surrealists that reality might after all contain something of interest to the artist. It is easy to see how this could happen, though it may seem a roundabout way of discovering the obvious; the surrealists had to describe recognizable objects if they were to startle people by their incongruity. In the end there was an even stranger transformation, for Gruber, a highly idiosyncratic artist who was much given to fantasy, seems to have had a marked influence on the school of painting known as social or socialist realism. His jagged line and spiky, angular and emaciated forms reappear not only in the work of Buffet—according to Huyghe, Buffet 'only systematized Gruber's creation'—but in hundreds of scullery views and paintings of the back streets of Paris. The studied ugliness of his figures seems to have convinced many upstanding young men and women that our industrial civilization has produced a race of haggard and wild eyed spectres.

Gruber, who died in 1948 at the age of thirty-six, evidently had the nervous energy and tortured imagination, nourished by much reading of fantasy and legend, of an invalid. But his deliberately fantastic paintings, though interesting and alarming enough, are not really so haunting and evocative as his visions of everyday life and his own immediate surroundings. Studios are apt to be bleak places and models often look grim and careworn, but in Gruber's paintings the combination of the two brings on a desperate melancholy. Even his admirable landscapes, though they sometimes represent quite attractive places, seem to have an east wind blowing hard through them.

Gruber was a friend of Giacometti, and may well have derived from his sculpture the curious character of his forms, but no one could find any excess of sculptural quality in his work. He was clearly a born painter and this can be seen even in his most literary works, where the mass of illustrative detail is done with a kind of impatience as though he were in a hurry to get on with the real business of painting. No harshness of outline, no angry vehemence in the brushwork, no bitter angularity of form can disguise his sensitive perceptions or the fact that his assured use of his medium must have given him intense enjoyment.

Many aspects of Man Ray's extremely eccen-

tric talent are shown in an exhibition at the Institute of Contemporary Arts, from his very early paintings in the cubist manner to the recent works which he calls 'tactile paintings', little designs formed out of protruding squiggles

to be giving them a humorous turn he also succeeds, particularly in 'The Merry Wives of Windsor', in making out of them a vivid and arresting image.

The Redfern Gallery has a large retrospective exhibition of the work of Christopher Wood, and it seems that this is the first opportunity since 1938 to survey this artist's work as a whole. The result is disappointing; the charm has withered, the colour seems timid, and the distortions wilful and skittish. There is an obvious affinity between his work and that of Frances Hodgkins, and as the two of them went on their way laying up among lavender bags what they had borrowed from French painting, it is really not at all easy at the present time to say which of them was more of a spinster than the other.

Roland Browse and Delbanco have an interesting exhibition of bronzes by Rodin, with several of his drawings as well. A number of the bronzes were cast after his death and these are among the most satisfying products of his talent, for they usually lack the stylization, often with a slight flavour of *art nouveau*, which was apt to impose on the larger and more finished works that won public approval in his time. Working swiftly and directly from the model he put his terrific virtuosity at the service of feeling, feeling that was often as acute as that of Degas in the best of his bronzes.

Sergio Signori's sculpture at the Hanover Gallery consists of austere abstractions which nevertheless are made of the finest marbles, beautifully polished. It is remarkable that such extremely

simple shapes should succeed in taking control, so that one is more conscious of the bleak rectitude than of the precious material of which they are made. Anita de Caro's collages at the same gallery are extremely pretty concoctions of paper, string, fragments of textiles, and the like, so delicately put together that they look like specimens of the finest needlework.

The Gimpel Fils Gallery has assembled a collection of paintings and drawings of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, most French and some of them works of considerable importance. Outstanding among them are fairly large and most impressive figures by Picasso, painted in 1941, a romantic landscape by Camille Pissarro, a highly finished head of a girl painted under the influence of Rubens by Mary Cassatt, and a distinguished landscape by Dufy.



'Portrait of a Woman' (1939), by Francis Gruber: from the exhibition at the Arts Council Gallery

of paint. His early works suggest that he could with profit have pursued a career as a straightforward painter, but he has always taken pleasure in such distractions as might suggest themselves to an extremely clever man with far too lively a wit. The air brush, photography, the wilder kind of collage—such things inevitably appealed to his agile and ingenious mind, but somehow or other he has always had the knack of producing artefacts, like his painting of huge red lips in the sky, which demand to be illustrated in surveys of such art movements as Dada and surrealism. Perhaps it is that he has discovered how to make nonsense, and art nonsense at that, extremely funny, but he has not done so by parody or simple exaggeration; in the paintings he calls 'Shakespearean Equations' he uses shapes of exactly the kind that would look solemn and portentous in the work of the average abstract sculptor, but though he seems

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Anne Brontë: Her Life and Work. By Ada Harrison and Derek Stanford. Methuen. 25s.

Reviewed by PHYLLIS BENTLEY

IS ANNE BRONTË worthy of a study in her own right? The authors boldly open their book with this question, and proceed to justify amply their affirmative reply.

The external events of Anne's life were few and quiet, and the autobiographical material left by her is scanty. Of this sparse material Miss Harrison's account is correct and reasonably adequate. The Robinsons of Thorp Green might have been treated much more fully; on the other hand, the Weightman affair is given its proper emphasis. One fresh and important point is made. It concerns Anne's return to Thorp Green in early 1842. Miss Harrison by collating and interpreting the evidence makes it clear that this was Anne's tragic moment. She wished to remain in Haworth, ostensibly to keep house for Mr. Brontë during the absence in Brussels of Charlotte and Emily, really to be near William Weightman. But the wishes of the Robinsons for her return prevailed. And so:

Oh, they have robbed me of the hope
My spirit held so dear:
They will not let me hear the voice
My soul delights to hear.

Miss Harrison is interesting on Anne's friendship with Ellen Nussey, but I think she is mistaken in believing, with Mr. Stanford, that Charlotte over-estimated Anne's religious melancholy. Charlotte is surely not imputing melancholia to her sister in the well-known passage of the *Biographical Notice*; she is simply lamenting the over-conscientiousness, the undeserved self-blame, which her blameless sister's poems so clearly reveal.

The important section of this book is Mr. Derek Stanford's essay on Anne's poems. This is a really new assessment, of genuine originality and importance. Anne's poetry, didactic, sober and religious as it is, has not, I confess, appealed to me greatly, but Mr. Stanford convinces me that I have undervalued it. He treats it as constituting an inner biography, the product of a reflective imagination, and as a unique record of moral self-instruction. A very significant point emerges: namely that whereas Charlotte desired a husband and Emily a lover, Anne wished for marriage and a child. Both Mr. Stanford and Miss Harrison bring out well Anne's reaction against romanticism; unlike her dramatic sisters she sought, they suggest, 'not to pile it on, but to pile it off'. The clarity and economy of her language, the exactness of her choice of words, her sure touch in revision, all appear in Mr. Stanford's careful examination of the verbal texture of her verse.

On the two novels Mr. Stanford also makes interesting comments. They belong, he suggests, to the category of fiction which presents a world of reflected experience. He shares George Moore's view, in my opinion rather too favourable, of *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall*. The drunkard Arthur Huntingdon is admirably drawn—from experience of Branwell; but Anne had no experience of orgies on which to reflect,

and her attempts to depict noblemen in the throes of drink and passion seem to me a failure. Did the 'heat' of Branwell's passion for Mrs. Robinson excite Anne in spite of herself, as well as disgust her? It is well that the suggestion should be made and considered, nor can it, I think, be lightly discarded.

This study of Anne Brontë not only defines with some precision what Anne shared with her sisters and what was her own, but also offers convincing illustrations that she deserves a minor but unquestioned place in the honours roll of English literature.

By the way, the name Heger, on the authority of M. Heger's descendants, should be spelled thus, not with an accent.

The Lords of Cobham Hall
By Esmé Wingfield-Stratford.
Cassell. £2 10s.

Great houses are the breeding grounds of historical material, the forcing houses of character. Their sprawling space inevitably collects diaries, letters and manuscripts, their wealth germinates interest, and their social position magnifies all the quirks of the human personality. Under such conditions every human trait is enlarged, and the evidence of it is usually preserved. Yet for all this, family histories are a somewhat specialized taste. Occasionally by cunning choice of subject and consummate literary skill, the historian has succeeded in this genre, as A. L. Rowse succeeded so brilliantly with the Churchills. Too often, however, they play a humbler part in historical literature—the part of the raw material of history. Inspired by family affection and an uncritical love of every facet of their history, they become catalogues of men undeserving of immortality, long lists of dynasties of no relevance and little interest.

Dr. Wingfield-Stratford avoids the worst errors of such books, for although some of the more distant Darnley ancestors could have been spared the light of day, he is on the whole fortunate in his characters and even more fortunate in his house. And his chronicle of the rise of the Cobham Blighs has a leisurely—at times too leisurely—charm of its own. Lacking the great figures who bestride the family histories of the Cecils or the Churchills, the Wedgwoods or the Walpoles, the author has taken for his hero the house itself—Cobham Hall. Cobham—the house and the estate—is the main actor, and its gardens, its mausoleum, its brewery, and its menagerie are as integral a part of the story as its owners. It is quite capable of sustaining such interest, and indeed, perhaps, the finest passages of this book are those when it holds the stage alone, when, under the hands of the 4th Earl, Repton, Wyatt, Westmacott, and Reynolds were called in to embellish, to beautify, to add and to portray. This was its peak. The Continent was ransacked to furnish it with treasures—pictures by Rubens, Titian, Tintoretto, Veronese, Claude, and Van de Velde clothed its walls; Dresden, Sèvres, Derby, and Chelsea decorated its great gallery; magnificent Flemish tapestries hung from its ceilings; whilst Reynolds, Gainsborough and Hoppner were commissioned to compete for what little wall-

space remained. The interior was so beautifully decorated that George IV, no mean judge, gave the Gilt Hall the accolade of the finest room in Europe, and Repton's landscaped gardens transformed it from the cattle-girt ruin of the seventeenth century standing gauntly in 'ye far surrounding sod' into one of the finest houses in England in an equally fine estate.

Cobham is the connecting link in the story and its owners are seen in relation to it. They were as the author puts it, 'not self but Cobham centred', and he does not hide the grasping expedients by which they acquired the wealth and position to support it. They displayed few scruples in their rise to power: George Brooke, for instance, who contrived (as the occasion demanded) both to befriend Anne Boleyn and to expedite her to the block; or Thomas Brooke, who covered up his piracy by sewing up a Spanish crew in their own mainsail and tossing them overboard; or Sir Joseph Williamson, who charged up the expenses of entertaining William III to the Corporation of Rochester. But perhaps, like those who followed them, they merely reflected the attitudes and beliefs of their times—the suave, cultivated 4th Earl who so became his rational century; the troubled, hypochondriacal 5th Earl who, in his fantastically staged death-bed, somewhat overplayed the evangelical craze of his class and age; and the grim, respected 6th Earl, who banished a famous Tintoretto and four Veroneses as too improper to adorn his house, with all the Victorians' certainty in his own judgment.

Dr. Wingfield-Stratford parades these characters before us with restrained skill. He is less sure when he strays among better-known persons—he overrates, one feels, both James I's ability and La belle Stuart's chastity. But these are minor matters. It is an agreeable book—studded with amusing and novel information and pervaded by the atmosphere of a great house. And now that the treasures have gone, hustled on their way by the 6th Earl's modesty and the demands of death duties, one is grateful to the author for preserving for posterity the record of all its splendour.

NEIL MCKENDRICK

Napoleon's Russian Campaign
By Count Philippe-Paul de Ségur.
Translated by J. David Townsend.
Michael Joseph. 21s.

After so many war-books and military memoirs of our own time, it is of interest to turn to their counterparts of over a century ago. The Napoleonic Wars produced their own crop of post-war reminiscences. One of the best and most popular of them was the brilliant narrative of the tragic Moscow campaign by Napoleon's Quartermaster-General, the Count de Ségur. His *Histoire de Napoléon et de la Grande Armée pendant l'année 1812* appeared in 1824. Within three years it ran through ten editions, and was translated into most European languages. Its popularity was well deserved, for it told an epic story with dramatic terseness and authoritative accuracy. It combined authentic anecdote about Bonaparte and critical insight into his character with a most moving account

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of human heroism and endurance. Then, as is the wont of popular successes, it went almost forgotten, save by professional historians, until an abridgment appeared in 1894. Now Mr. Townsend has had the happy thought of translating afresh this abridged version (simplified further by the omission of minor military details). His translation admirably preserves the fine literary qualities of the original and the atmosphere of compelling doom which surrounded the final retreat of the *Grande Armée*, decimated by disaster.

Ségur's account has long been the professional historian's favourite source of information, the 'inside story' of character and events told by an eye-witness whose testimony and judgment can usually be relied upon. Mr. Townsend argues—and his evidence is strong—that Tolstoy used it in writing *War and Peace*. But few later accounts can better Ségur's own for natural pathos and intensity of feeling.

Since the evening before, the army had been marching out of Moscow without interruption. In this column of a hundred and forty thousand human beings and fifty thousand horses, a hundred thousand, marching at the head with their knapsacks and arms . . . still bore some resemblance to the tremendous military organization which had conquered the world. But the rest . . . looked like a horde of Tartars after a successful raid: a jumble of carriages, wagons, rich coaches, and carts of all sorts, four or five abreast, and seeming to stretch on for ever.

It was this strange caravan which, thereafter, endured the crescendo of sufferings and disasters that Ségur describes so vividly, till a small remnant at last reached Europe. The first half of the book describes the struggle to reach Moscow, the second half the appalling story of the retreat. Using details with the skill of an Edward Gibbon, Ségur spares his reader nothing. As a revelation of human nature at both its highest and its lowest, the story fully merits this fine English translation.

DAVID THOMSON

Gustav Mahler: The Early Years

By Donald Mitchell. Rockliff. 42s.

This is the first volume of a projected complete biography of Mahler, and Mr. Mitchell has such command of the available material, such sympathetic but not uncritical insight into one of the most complicated of all musicians' personalities, that we may confidently expect the result to be 'the definitive life'. Yet one puts down his first volume with a faint feeling of disappointment; it contains both too little and too much. Too little because the material is so sparse; too much because what material survives is confused and contradictory and needs careful evaluation. As Mr. Mitchell says, his

main task has been to reduce into some kind of order a large but fragmentary, incoherent and often wildly contradictory Mahler literature; and out of that order, which entailed any amount of checking and cross-checking of data (dates, in particular), to try to build a reasonably continuous and detailed biography.

He has done that admirably, perhaps as well as it could be done, yet we are left with the total impression that the book is not so much a biography as materials for a biography—with a convincing explanation why no satisfactory biography of the young Mahler is ever likely to be written.

As a biographer, Mr. Mitchell is not only

meticulous in the precise sense of the word but penetrating and sensitive. He justly evaluates, without exaggerating, the probable effect on the young Mahler of his dreadful home environment. And his paradox 'that [Mahler's] conducting, the activity he scorned most, played a major role in making his life bearable' is based on acute psychological insight:

I have no doubt that the grumbling was honest, that Mahler would have preferred to have his time free for composition; and yet I am convinced that in his conducting Mahler was as much in the grip of his genius as when composing, that he was compelled to conduct for this reason rather than for those superficial reasons advanced as more obvious explanations, e.g., his economic situation; his need to succeed, to wield power . . . ; to assert his emancipation and affirm his superiority . . . ; even to counteract his markedly slight and short (i.e., inferior) physique . . . —this category of motives, each of which contains a grain of truth, could be endlessly extended and yet still overlook the central motivation of his conducting: his very interpretative genius, which, once unleashed, was as demanding of nurture as was his creative inspiration.

This is to be a life-and-works, not pure biography, and Mr. Mitchell has much that is new to tell us about Mahler's juvenilia. Sometimes, as in discussion of the Piano Quartet movement, the reader needs a few more musical examples, though these are provided generously for *Das klagende Lied* and the early songs. (Incidentally, Mr. Mitchell kills the legend of an 'original operatic form' of *Das klagende Lied*.) One would also like some examination of the influence, if any, of Mahler's early harmony teacher, Robert Fuchs; Mr. Mitchell simply says, rather oddly, 'I doubt that Fuchs wrote the kind of music Mahler would have welcomed' and leaves it at that; he could easily have found out and one wonders why he did not.

There are a few slips (e.g. a reference to 'Yugoslavia' in 1881), a number of misspellings (e.g. 'Beireuth'), and some stylistic horrors arising out of Mr. Mitchell's passion for the English possessive case. He applies this even to German, so that we are confronted with 'the very content and atmosphere of *Das Lied's Abschied*' and (combined with his other passion for private abbreviations) 'this quartet movement is a fairer autograph than either *Das klagende Lied's* SK or FS'. We have to read on for 37 pages before we learn what an SK is.

GERALD ABRAHAM

Diaries, Prayers, and Annals. By Samuel Johnson. Edited by E. L. McAdam, with D. and M. Hyde. Oxford. £4.

The Yale edition of Johnson's *Works* makes an auspicious start with this volume, planned originally as an independent book. Most of the contents have, of course, been printed before—the *Prayers and Meditations* and the Welsh diary several times. The most important addition to the canon is Johnson's diary for 1765-84 (with gaps), now among the Boswell Papers at Yale, the longest and fullest of any of his diaries, printed here for the first time. There is miscellaneous material of minor note: some things, such as his first printed essays, are still missing. But the attempt is made to give a definitive text for all original documents that survive. The editors' chief contribution is a running commentary (printed in smaller type at the foot of

each page) that explains, or enlarges on, what Johnson wrote. Books read and persons named are identified; everything is made so easy for the reader that he is in danger of reading the commentary rather than Johnson. Particularly is this the case where parallel texts (such as Mrs. Thrale's Journals) are quoted in extra-illustration. Such detailed commentary may be a dangerous device leading to over-elaboration and volumes costlier than need be.

In no other book is more clearly displayed Johnson the suffering mortal frighteningly encompassed, or the wayfaring Christian ever conscious of falling short, or the Johnson whose inexhaustible compassion for failure and weakness meant so burdensome a household of human strays. My chief helper in cataloguing the Fettercairn Papers, a Scots lady of rare intelligence, soon added a soft corner for Boswell to her jealous honouring of Byron. At first Johnson's dictatorial brusqueness and savage aggression made her furious; but when she read the newly found letters written to his doctors in his last illness, his stubborn courage won her heart.

That man, in his weakness and strength, is ever-present here. He took great pride in his Prayers. Without being slavish they follow those in the Anglican Prayer Book closely both in word and cadence. No one will doubt his abiding affection for Tetty who reads the prayers composed on the anniversary of her death, or the depth of his compassion for his mother's maid Kit Chambers, revealed in the moving account of her death-bed and his part in comforting her. How far he was from satisfying his own aspirations may be seen in the constant admonitions to greater virtue, such as: 'To keep a Journal, to begin this day; to spend four hours every day in Study, and as much more as I can; to read a portion of the Scriptures in Greek every Sunday; to combat scruples; to rise at eight'. No resolution gave him greater trouble than the last. He has so much to say about the ailments of his formidable body that almost his life seems one 'long disease'. That his complaints must sometimes be received with caution is evident from general remarks on the year 1773—

In the Winter I was distressed by a cough, in the Summer an Inflammation fell upon my useful eye. . . . In the Autumn I took a journey to the Hebrides, but my mind was not free from perturbation.

Yet this remarkable journey was 'the pleasantest part of his life'. One begins to remember the worth of Boswell's encouragement and Mrs. Thrale's forbearance.

The Yale University Press is to be warmly congratulated on this handsome book—its convenient size, attractive plan, clear print, excellent paper and admirable binding. It is rare to find a new book that opens and stays open like a well-bred eighteenth-century quarto. The only drawback is the price. May this collected edition not be found, like others one could name, only on the shelves of university and public libraries, to be disturbed occasionally by cleaners and 'verifiers'. It must be read. The establishing of a definitive text is its paramount purpose, with annotation, however interesting, altogether secondary and limited to essentials. Some reliance must be placed on the intelligence of the reader.

C. COLLEER ABBOTT

The price of *Honourable Members: a Study of the British Back-Bencher*, reviewed on March 26, should have been given as 30s.

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Lighting Up the Past

'THE GLORY THAT WAS GREECE'—the very title, Poe's hackneyed quotation, carries a danger-signal. It is fatally easy for those who love Greece to over-romanticize her for an unclassical age, to try to counter ignorance or indifference with meaningless generalizations, resounding clichés, phoney reverence: pitfalls into which the commentary of the recent film *The Immortal Land* fell disastrously, and which the B.B.C.'s 'The Age of Minos', the first of a new series of reflections by Sir Compton Mackenzie, avoided triumphantly. This was a most impressive and enjoyable film, both for classicists like myself and, I should guess, for those to whom it was all new. Sir Compton, a lifelong Hellenist, and belonging, like his contemporaries Bertrand Russell and Somerset Maugham, to an age of assurance, the last golden age, was completely at ease with his material. Enthusiastic without being gushing, he neither intruded his own admirable personality too much nor took refuge behind the *persona* of a commentator. He made the story of Minoan Crete vivid and exciting: D. G. Hogarth's discovery of Zeus's emblem carved on the cave where myth had put his birth, Sir Arthur Evans's great excavations at Knossos, Michael Ventris's elucidation of Linear B, which proved after all to be Greek—discoveries which, all made in Sir Compton's lifetime, have revealed a basis of historical fact behind the Homeric legends.

The photography matched the story-telling: leisurely, clear, detailed, and natural—astonishingly so for the small screen; and at times, as in the Minotaur episode, powerfully yet legitimately dramatic. The whole piece really did convey a picture of this extraordinary civilization, which flourished for 1,600 years in 'pre-historic' times (longer than almost any subsequent empire), produced art, architecture, and engineering of the greatest beauty and sophisti-

cation (I liked Sir Compton's comparison between Daedalus and da Vinci), and then vanished suddenly for 3,000 years.

It was indeed 'A Far Cry' from the remote past to the grim present and Easter Sunday's tragic and beautifully made film about the plight of children in Southern Korea. This was made by Stephen Peet (for the 'Save the Children Fund') mostly in the port of Pusan, overcrowded with refugees from the war which ended for the West six years ago but which for the South Koreans looks as if it will never end. Here orphaned and abandoned children, often once the mascots of departed foreign troops, sleep in shacks or on the streets and live by shoe-shining or begging. Many die; others are kept alive by world charity—dried milk, clothing, clinics, orphanages (over 100 of these in Pusan). One will not readily forget that Korean widow with nothing to give her children but warm water, and the way she managed to sing to them; or the nine-year-old girl (mother dead, father in the army) who carried her baby brother eight miles over the mountains to the outpatients' department. Never did charity, though generously given, seem so appallingly inadequate. South Korea, which has, fantastically, the world's fourth largest standing army (but army service does not carry family allowances), seems likely to remain a country of the poor, the sick, and the hopeless until its gigantic problems can be tackled at the root by economic development and not just on the surface by a few beds and soup kitchens.

Later the same evening, 'Monitor' included, as part of its Easter offering, a French film of the famous San Gimignano frescoes: the sequence was well photographed, but I found the sound background of plain-song, orchestral music, choir and Bible readings distracting. Sound and vision were intended to coalesce into a single whole, but I am not sure if the eye and ear can really take in first-class material simultaneously in such concentrated quantities: the effect tends to be a well-intentioned, edifying jumble. In the same programme, in an interesting studio interview, Flora Robson described how she tackled the part of Mrs. Alving in Ibsen's *Ghosts*: 'I ask myself, "How is she different from myself?"; then I try to grow away from myself into the character'.

'The Rescue' was less a documentary than



Two stills from the film *The Age of Minos* on April 1, the first of three programmes of personal reflections by Sir Compton Mackenzie on 'The Glory that was Greece': above, man in boat; and below, Minoan jug, both found at Knossos and now in the Herakleion Museum, Crete



a cautionary tale: propaganda—needing to be shown almost every Bank Holiday—against climbing mountains without proper equipment and with too little experience. Three experts had to rescue a couple of enthusiastic but foolhardy youths. One of the experts provided the commentary: understandably, he emphasized the young men's folly rather than their keenness since they risked not only their own lives but the lives of their rescuers. As a non-climber, I thought the presentation of this piece might have been more immediate

without being less salutary.

In an atmosphere of affection and respect which surely reflected universal opinion, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt appeared in 'Press Con-



Two young Korean refugees: *A Far Cry*, a film about such children in South Korea was shown on March 29



'The Rescue' on April 2: men of an R.A.F. mountain rescue team in action

ference' last Friday and managed to turn what is sometimes a rather jumpy free-for-all into a pleasant half-hour's conversation. With her warm and optimistic smile, her good sense, and her immense experience and judgment of people, she carried all before her; several times I found myself thinking 'if only they'd made her Secretary of State'. But the nicest thing about her is that, for all her prestige as a public figure, she remains a private person—and you don't feel that with many public figures.

K. W. GRANSDEN

DRAMA
Scientist and Charlatan

THE VERSION OF Nigel Balchin's *The Small Back Room*, made by John Hopkins and given a workmanlike production by Harold Clayton, fell into two sections. The filmed episodes at the end showed Sammy Rice, the back-room scientist, achieving a masterpiece of skill and courage in the way of bomb-disposal. In the earlier section we had seen him at work in an armaments research section during the early part of the war, harassed amid the intrigues of Whitehall, and almost glad to escape into the dangers of fuse-manipulation.

What we did not learn was how he adjusted himself to the new regime in his back-room life, for he had lost a first-rate head of its department and acquired a second-rater who made up for his own sense of inferiority by adopting the tones and temper of a bully. This left viewers somewhat in the air and wondering what next, but at least Sammy had compensation in getting his uneasy sex-life settled, though his office job was going to be a load of headaches.

The interest lay in the study of war-time Whitehall with its restless buzz of intrigue and its recruitment of ill-assorted types, and also in the character of Rice. He was a man of high professional ability but sadly distrustful of himself and all at sea in the power-politics of his section. Here we had a refreshing escape from the ordinary themes of fiction: we were evidently seeing a bureaucracy seated at real bureaux. There was plausibility about two 'high-ups' prepared to do the 'low-down'—strictly, of course, for the national advantage.

To the domestic unrest Ursula Howells, most welcome on her return to television, brought her natural sureness of style with nothing too emphatic and everything quietly pointed. John Gregson was the right choice for the able, irritable, self-questioning Sammy Rice. Oliver Johnston as a scientist with great integrity and Charles Gray as an office-intriguer with none were excellent reinforcements on the back-room battle-front.

A Farthing Damages (March 31), adapted by Sheila Hodgson from a play by R. J. Minney and John McCormick, introduced us to Marcus Dane, organizer of seances, vehicle of messages from Beyond, and dubbed Doctor or Master by the faithful. As portrayed by Alan Wheatley this eminent spookist had such a look of the slim operator and such bogus flamboyance of style, that one immediately looked for the obvious surprise. The airs and manners of a charlatan might be wholly deceptive. Dane, so flagrantly 'phoney' in aspect, exposed in Fleet Street, fighting his traducers in the Courts, urging an unwilling wife to go on with her seance services, would surely turn out to be a white lily of innocence after all. But no! the authors were not laying a false scent. Dr. Dane's diary was a record of chicanery and crime.

His nefarious conduct became somewhat complicated but before long the end was sure, as the Law, assisted by Interpol, invaded his



John Gregson as Sammy Rice and Ursula Howells as Susan in *The Small Back Room* on April 5

house and put the inevitable questions about his doings at home and abroad. An interesting character was his wife, a part effectively taken by Joyce Heron: she knew that she was on the verge of evil communications, but how far was she involved in all the Master's diabolism? She had none of his seance-salesmanship and she wore an air of integrity. The story-telling was not remarkable for its lucidity; but, like Dane himself, it had the panache of a competent theatricalism. It was easy to stay the course. I remained, like Horatio, 'liegeman to the Dane'.

It appears that *Meeting at Night* (April 2) was an unfinished work of James Bridie's completed by another hand, but it appeared in the programme with a Bridie ascription only. It struck me as unworthy of that writer and something that might better have been left undisturbed. Andrew Cruickshank did what he could to make this tale of a glib scoundrel seem something larger than a magazine story, but the events were too absurd to be swallowed without a severe strain on one's receptive powers. That great writers make occasional false steps is inevitable: we owe them the decency of overlooking them; this one was only half a step and the more to be forgotten.

Love and Mr. Lewisham came gently to life (April 3) in the first of six parts adapted by Denis Constanduros from a slight and early novel of H. G. Wells. Lewisham, that frail vessel of educational ambition, seeking to rise from under-paid prep. school usher to scholar of London University, achieved part of his journey in the first instalment. Alec McCowen has a happy way with the shy and self-effacing: in a stammered sentence we feel the full palpitation of a heart. So Mr. Lewisham, fluttering into adoration with the demure Miss Henderson (Sheila Shand Gibbs) and tiptoeing on the verge of a larger life as well as among the meadows of calf-love, was very happily cast. Such innocence as theirs seems far away and long ago and none the worse for that. Now that 'sex' has replaced love in the vocabulary of youth and mating, there is refreshment in these tongue-tied and innocent romantics.

The rash and righteous Garry Halliday

(Terence Alexander) has won through, but I confidently hope that this is not the last of him as a hero of children's television. For though sundry knaves have been routed and put in 'the nick', that sovereign scoundrel, the Voice (Elwyn Brook-Jones), remains to be silenced and I trust that we shall soon again be hearing his smooth and sinister utterance.

IVOR BROWN

Sound Broadcasting
DRAMA
A Guid Schaw

THOUGH IT HAD little seasonal reference, the best Easter offering came from Scotland. Mr. Alexander Reid's *The World's Wonder* was written for the stage and was deservedly praised when it was performed at Edinburgh in 1955. It is a work of fantasy and there were therefore



Scene from H. G. Wells's *Love and Mr. Lewisham* on April 3, with (at blackboard) Alec McCowen as Mr. Lewisham and John Mitchell as Master Frobisher

moments in the theatre when the audience was strained to follow its invitations to the imagination. In the theatre it seemed to crave dimensions that earth-bound sight denied it. It was an obvious 'must' for radio production, and the author and Mr. Finlay J. Macdonald, who produced it, saw its possibilities clearly.

Mr. Macdonald made use of the new sound workshops in London to produce sounds of magic and warlockry. His picture of the battle between Michael Scott (Mr. Duncan Macrae) and the false Scott (Mr. Walter Carr) should become a text-book example of the way to use the new sounds. The competition of the warlocks was good comedy on the stage but it lacked the sardonic touch which Mr. Reid had in his Lallens mind. The new sounds suggested the the wraiths of the Auld Religion where the theatre production only gave us stage tricks. Those not schooled in guid Scots had to mourn the loss of visual aid. For their benefit it should be said that the play concerns the freeing of Jeannie (Miss Rona Anderson) from a spell. She wants to marry Jock (Mr Gordon Jackson) but the Provost (Mr. Stanley Baxter) and the Laird of Clartydykes (Mr. Ian Gilmour) have other plays in mind.

As the play takes place in the Middle Ages the great wizard Michael Scott is called in and, after dealing splendidly with an impostor, releases the girl from her toils. Scott stands for the eternal imagination, and his enemies, and Mr. Reid's, are the worldly people who

are always old and who are never innocent.

Mr. Reid's championing of the innocents reminded me curiously of Barrie's interest in the fey world but the reminiscence was only a slight one. Mr. Reid's rhetoric was greater in passion and worked more successfully on that fund of interest in the supernatural which is peculiarly Scots. His play reminded me somewhat sorrowfully that there has been a dearth of good plays and productions from Scotland with a particularly national flavour. A caution, which does not seem to afflict the Welsh or the Irish, holds back Scotsmen and prevents them offering anything more than safe plays in a provincial English mould to the general listening public. The undoubted success of *The World's Wonder* should encourage some of the faint hearts to send more plays across the Border which have not been pruned to a southern taste that is more catholic than is imagined in Glasgow.

Holidaying with Variety I mourned the departure of the Goon Show and the absence of ITMA. These two programmes were inimitable although their influence is to be felt in almost every Variety programme. Mr. Kenneth Horne's 'Beyond Our Ken' uses the Handley formula but it also makes use of the guying technique employed in the Goon Show. Mr. Horne very nearly gets away with the 'A funny thing happened to me on the way to the studio...' technique but he flounders with Goon plugs like 'The script was written', which are no longer funny because they are too clearly meant to be funny. Mr. Eric Barker in his 'Barker's Folly' is also trying too hard. He has deserted the quiet afternoon atmosphere of 'Just Fancy' for the raucous rush of the rehearsed audience-participation programme. Both he and Mr. Horne are quieter and gentler than the noisy vehicles in which they now find themselves. They are neither members of a Crazy Gang nor Lord High Admirals of Fun. Though they are both natural radio comics they are betraying their particular talents in shows which are best done by people like Mr. Al Read and Mr. Vic Oliver. Of Mr. Vic Oliver it should be said in passing that he never seems to stale. He always gives the impression that he is about to do so. His skill lies in the fact that he never does.

The American production of 'Our Town' by Mr. Thornton Wilder was introduced avuncularly by the author but it overcame the introduction because it was suitable for radio production. The aside, which is good arena stage theory but tedious practice, became workable here.

Mr. Louis MacNeice's idea in *Scrums and Dreams* was a good one but the work measured up sadly to his past glories. Spectators at a rugby football match soliloquized and reminisced to a background of shouting and radio commentaries on the match. The reminiscences would however have been a bore to anyone who was not a rugby aficionado and they struck me as being rather banal. Candid tape recording with a concealed microphone has closed the way to the development of the documentary in this particular form. The real thing can now be recorded and it cannot be bettered or its lily gilded.

He Wouldn't Kill Patience by Mr. Carter Dickson was adapted by Mr. John Keir Cross. It was a thriller but tried too hard in the Zoo and in an air raid. It was too much like a crossword puzzle to claim dramatic credence.

IAN RODGER

THE SPOKEN WORD

The Real Thing

FOLLOWING A RECENT experiment in fitting the spoken word to a musical background—'Red Bird Dancing on Ivory'—came two more last week, and both, in their different fashions, proved more definite in their aim, and so more

unified and convincing than the first. With 'The Weary Blues' (on the Third Programme, Saturday evening) the background was jazz again, but this only proved what a world of difference there can be between jazz and jazz. This was the genuine article, such as no European ensemble can reproduce, however closely it imitates; and Langston Hughes's poems—and voice—were completely of a piece with their background.

The poems ranged in mood from the drowsy to the macabre, with bouts of cynicism or nostalgia on the way. Often, like Ellington's 'Saddest Tale', or like the refrains of balladry, English or other, the words conveyed an intensity of mood that refuses to break down into prose meaning. What, for instance, is the meaning in prose of a line like: 'There's a certain amount of nothin' in a dream deferred'? It simply evades any such attack, and makes straight for its real target—the common consciousness that responds to poetry, or music. All these poems were in and of Harlem, from the lament at a local hep-cat's funeral: 'He's my ace boy gone away. "Wake up and live!" he used to say...' to the complaint of a hangover: 'Baby, don't snore so loud! You's just a little bit of a woman, but you sound like a whole crowd...' But they aimed at any part of the human world beyond.

The fact that every word was audible was not simply due to the poet's splendid voice but to the dexterity and feel of the performance as a whole. There were dramatic silences from the instruments, when the players seemed to be thinking over the poet's words, getting ready to break in with their own answer and comment; and this was never the obvious, illustrative kind of thing you might have expected. How much real improvisation there was in it would be hard to tell. I think it was more like the spontaneity that comes of long practice. Langston Hughes gave us the poems as if they were just happening to him. They had the roughness as well as the vitality of impromptu; but they seemed to me of a piece with the more highly finished European 'blues' of Chopin and Debussy, Baudelaire or Villon—the same irresistible mood the world over.

Another very brief experiment in fitting spoken words to music, which could hardly have been more remote from the first in style and content, was given earlier on the same evening. 'Sir Godfrey in Bed', written and spoken by John Elsom, to harpsichord music composed and played by Sally Ann Mays, was based on a near-contemporary account of the death of Sir Godfrey Kneller (a great man in his time, so it seems) in Spence's *Anecdotes*. Verbally, this was a nice essay in the ghastly-polite, in the vanities of a social convention worn to breaking point. The text might have been a commentary on a Hogarth conversation piece. The carefully spaced rhythms fitted the formal language. But speaker and player might both have learnt a little from a study of the Langston Hughes recording. The harpsichord was of course the right instrument, from a period point of view—and it fits in with the spoken voice as smoothly as it does with an orchestra. But voice and music were too close together, and the harpsichord was too unremitting in its comment. A greater variety of pause, on both sides, would have much enhanced the dramatic effect, and taken away a feeling of busy-ness and fuss. But this was none the less a highly promising experiment.

'Keeping the Peace', a programme produced by Laurence Gilliam in celebration of Nato's tenth anniversary (Thursday, Home), proved to be a formidably dexterous feat of arrangement and concentration. It was followed next evening by a 'Radio Link' (produced jointly by the Canadian and British Broadcasting Corpora-

tions) on the same theme. Inevitably, the success of the first programme took off some of the effect of the second; and this time it was the prepared statements rather than the impromptu discussion that carried more conviction. Together they confirmed that Nato, as a military and strategic unity, calls for a political unity of purpose that cannot be forced without forcing apart, rather than together; and that the immediate threat to unity of any kind is the emergent mystique of 'La France' and de Gaulle, with its dangerous medievalism, its obvious inclination to opt out, Achilles-fashion, or else to revert all too literally to the spirit of the Crusades, and a consequent jostling for prestige.

DAVID PAUL

MUSIC

A Gentle Art

IT WAS NOT BECAUSE it had a high-sounding title that 'The Nature of Music Criticism', a discussion on the Third Programme between four important men, had been for days beforehand like a magnet. This was something much more than the intrigue of hearing these eminent people talk about one's own job. Was there not the chance that between them they would hunt the prey to its lair, lay bare the springs of creation in this particular art; tell me, in fact, what makes a music critic tick? It was asking too much, of course.

The discussion was full of interesting things and if at the end it all added up to very little, no more in the circumstances could reasonably be expected. Reasonably? How could one exercise reasoned judgment while listening eagerly and awaiting some revelation of fundamental principles? It was in the nature of such a discussion, extemporary in the main and mostly unpremeditated, attacking a big problem and trying to arrive at a conclusion within a very short space of time, that it should be inconclusive; and if it did not do what I expected and urgently desired, that was because unreasonably I started out with a wrong notion of what was intended. I wanted to be told what a writer, a critic, an analyst—call him what you like, this alert listener who may be found of an evening in any concert and found by the hundred—actually heard, that is to say on what he based his judgment of value, in old music and also in new (Mr. Glock went into this latter question but not very far); whereas what I was given was a discussion, lively and often fairly penetrating, about the nature of music, not that of music criticism.

Nevertheless, this was, as far as it went, stimulating, and although I was eventually irritated at not getting what I wanted, I own that I was forced to think out certain matters afresh after hearing these four experts: Michael Tippett representing the composer, Frank Kermode giving the poet's point of view, the chairman P. H. Nowell-Smith for the philosophical non-musical listener, and William Glock for the critics or rather the leisured writer of reasoned critical evaluations. It will be noticed that the journalist, the concert reporter, writing for a daily, as opposed to a weekly, newspaper was not represented and that was a pity; for he could have tamed the others when they became discursive by asking them to define their terms more nearly, to say precisely what they meant. The chairman had a fling at that; at least I seem to remember he dragged the discussion back to the trail twice.

The entertainment fell into two parts; the first an inquiry into the staying power of big reputations such as those of Wagner and Brahms, the second a closer glance at the technique of judgment-forming. The meat was there in the latter part. Each man contributed something of value. There was Glock's idea of

stimulating an atmosphere in which creative work becomes easier or more vital, which, following on Tippett's 'I don't read a single piece of criticism very often', suggested that Glock realized that his ideally constituted critic might have his work cut out to produce a congenial atmosphere for people who did not want him to go to the trouble. There was Kermode's 'the critic is producing another work of art . . . on the basis of what he has been listening to', and the chairman's doubt 'whether you have to be able to understand some system of ideas in order to be able to appreciate the music'. By then the discussion had warmed up and one felt it ought not to have ended there.

There have been some curiosities in the way

of English instrumental music during the last few days. W. Y. Hurlstone is forgotten now, indeed is hardly a name to the average listener. He was a minor composer and could hardly be expected to be otherwise, seeing that he died young at the start of this century in England before this country had become a power to be reckoned with again in creative music. He cannot now be detached from the background of snug Edwardian culture. But his technique, as befits a pupil of Stanford, was admirable, and had he lived he might have become more than merely a promising composer. Then, too, the literature of the bassoon is still minute and any accretion, such as Hurlstone's bassoon sonata, may be useful, provided it is a worth-while piece

musically. Undoubtedly this is worth hearing, in a good performance such as this by Paul Draper and Frederick Stone.

Vaughan Williams's Fantasy String Quintet played a few days earlier by the Macgibbon Quartet plus Jean Stewart, is not a curiosity in the same way as the Hurlstone work; but it is a rare occurrence in public music-making, and since it has the interest of being an early work, dating from 1910 which is the year of the Tallis Fantasia and the Sea Symphony, it is music to which one returns with renewed anticipation. Not in vain, for it foreshadows the man's future and has the strength and clarity of his finest visions. The germ of these later creations is there.

SCOTT GODDARD

The Many-sidedness of Prokofiev

By GERALD SEAMAN

'The Fiery Angel' will be broadcast at 8.0 p.m. on Thursday, April 16 (Third)

THERE ARE NOT many musicians who can boast the composition of three operas before the age of thirteen, nor, for that matter, are there many who can claim the honour of having studied orchestration under Rimsky-Korsakov, harmony and counterpoint under Lyadov, conducting under Cherepnin, and general tuition under Glazunov and Glière. It was Prokofiev's good fortune, however, to be a pupil at the St. Petersburg Conservatoire between the years 1904 and 1915 and to live beneath the ægis of these famous men. Not that Prokofiev was content to imitate the quiet charm and sophistication of his masters. Indeed, he soon proved himself to be a true product of the revolutionary times by his apparent disregard of academic laws (to the despair of his mentors), and the evolution of a harsh, brilliant pianistic style which was to serve him well for the future. Prokofiev was always a prolific composer (he attributed his speed to the fact that he jotted down all his ideas in notebooks), and his early years saw the appearance of his first two piano concertos, the Violin Concerto in D, the *Classical Symphony*, and a number of works of a semi-humorous or fantastic nature such as *The Ugly Duckling*. This pre-occupation with the world of folklore and childish naïveté is one of the salient characteristics of Prokofiev, a theme to which he was to return on more than one occasion over the subsequent forty years.

Upon his graduating from the Conservatoire, his mother rewarded him with a trip to London where he visited the Russian Ballet and met Diaghilev. After hearing him play his Second Piano Concerto, the impresario invited him to write a ballet, suggesting that it should be set in pagan Russia. The result was the ballet score *Ala and Lolly* (1915) which, being rejected on grounds of similarity to *The Rite of Spring*, Prokofiev transformed, with his accustomed prudence, into the celebrated *Scythian Suite*. The *Scythian Suite* is not the most extreme of Prokofiev's compositions, being equalled in violence by the cantata *Seven, They Are Seven* (1917), but it is interesting in that it shows the manifold musical and literary forces which were working within him. Musically, his origin is the driving, barbaric rhythms of Stravinsky coupled with the vague sonorities of Debussy and the angularities of Mussorgsky. From the literary point of view he looks back to the first generation of Russian Symbolists headed by Bryusov and Balmont, to whom he frequently turned for inspiration. Asserting the right of self-expression, the Symbolists employed new rhythms and designs to supersede the world of reality.

Whereas Bryusov introduced new metres, mostly of French or classical origin, Balmont was continually torn between what he termed 'the gods of movement and the gods of serene repose'. Prokofiev's humour is comparable with the strange mixture of fantasy, folklore, comedy, and lyricism which stamps the work of Remizov.

Prokofiev's life is conveniently divisible into three periods: his adolescence in Russia, his first concert tours, his visit to America and his departure from Russia in 1918; his residence abroad (mostly in Paris) as composer and virtuoso conductor-performer of his own works; and his final return to the Soviet Union in 1933. Although each period was equally productive in its way, there is basically little difference in style between the works of his early days and those of his maturity. The same idiosyncrasies in the form of pulsific rhythms, syncopated accompaniments, sudden departures into foreign keys with ingenious returns to the home tonality, wide leaps, often a classical austerity and severity, the presence of folk-music, moments of indescribable beauty, and a technical difficulty which makes the highest demands on performers, appear in all his compositions.

Prokofiev has more than a hundred published works to his credit, though, in point of fact, he destroyed far more than that, and wrote for every conceivable medium and combination. His compositions include eight operas, seven ballets, seven symphonies, five piano, two violin, and two cello concertos, oratorios and cantatas, chamber works, sonatas for different instruments, a number of orchestral compositions, piano pieces, songs, choruses, and music to plays and films. All his work displays the same brilliance of writing and sense of unusual and effective orchestration. He was specially fond of the trombone and tuba, while his writing for the brass family as a whole is outstanding because of the important role to which he assigns each member. The trumpets in particular are often called upon to execute semiquaver passages of alarming rapidity. The piano is treated both as a percussion and a solo instrument and even appears in these capacities in his symphonies and orchestral suites. The cantata *Alexander Nevsky* offers many excellent examples of orchestral ingenuity where, in the last scene, he uses saxophones to imitate the sounds of the Russian *gusli*, and a great variety of percussion instruments to suggest the flutes and bagpipes of the *skomorokhi* (clowns) and the rattles and bells of the jesters and buffoons.

The results of his travels abroad appeared in the form of the grotesque opera *The Love for*

Three Oranges (which, rather like Sheridan's *The Critic*, makes use of a stage chorus intermittently commenting on the action and sometimes taking part in it), the opera *The Fiery Angel* (a curious mixture of fantasy and evil culminating in a tremendous *dénouement*), a number of ballets, the Third and Fourth Symphonies (which employ themes from *The Fiery Angel* and *The Prodigal Son* respectively), and the Fourth and Fifth Piano Concertos, as well as many other works of lesser importance.

Prokofiev himself outlined the five essential elements of his style as classicism, innovation, the 'motor element', lyricism, and grotesqueness (or good-natured irony), and it would not be incorrect to say that, on his return to the Soviet Union, he stressed the lyrical element, without, however, abandoning his former principles or technique. His Soviet works also show him adapting his forces to meet new demands, as, for example, in his incidental music for the films *Lieutenant Kizhe*, *The Queen of Spades*, and *Ivan the Terrible*. From the days of his childhood Prokofiev was fascinated by the stage, and it is not surprising that some of his finest music was composed for the theatre. Undoubtedly his most popular work in the Soviet Union is his ballet *Romeo and Juliet* (1936), the music of which introduced a new psychological force into ballet so that, even when divorced from its context, the music still suggests the action by its intense emotional power. He has made a valuable addition to the world of opera by his mammoth *War and Peace*. Space unfortunately precludes a survey of his later compositions, most of which are unknown to British audiences. In those works which are known to us, we seem to witness a dichotomy: on the one side, one is confronted with the intimate reflections of a composer ravaged by the trials of life; it is an austere yet noble music (I think of his Sixth Piano Sonata); on the other side, there is the Soviet composer of *Alexander Nevsky*, rejoicing in the triumphs of his native land, giving full vent to the spirit of eternal youth, dynamic energy and uninhibited lyricism which have always been his outstanding features.

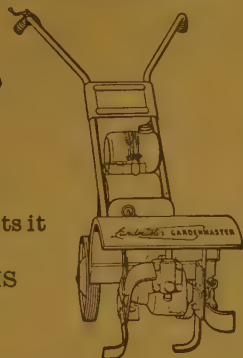
Throughout his life, Prokofiev regarded form as one of the great essentials of music. Although aware of contemporary tendencies, he did not try to imitate them but carried out his task with the assurance of a man confident in his own abilities. It will be interesting to see if future generations will confirm his prophecy that 'to achieve simpler and more melodic means of expression, perforce indicates the further development of the art of music'.

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Inter-City Bridge Test—III

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE



secretary of the English Bridge Union, and Mrs. Edwards is a likely member of the British ladies team in the European Championship.

The first question they had to answer was on bidding. At love all the bidding goes:

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
4S	5D	Dble	?

What should East bid, holding:

♠ 4 ♥ A K J 6 3 ♦ 2 ♣ A Q J 8 6 5 ?

Should East take out Five Diamonds doubled, and if so, what should he say? Our view was that East should be hopeful of making Five Diamonds and that he should not disturb the

bid. We made No Bid best, scoring 10 out of 10, with Five Hearts or Redouble next best, but worth only 4 points.

Major Fell answered first, and he repeated almost exactly the arguments we had put forward in favour of No Bid. Mrs. Edwards, who said afterwards that she changed her mind at the last moment from No Bid, suggested Five Hearts. That made the score: Fell 10, Mrs. Edwards 4.

The next question was on play. You have this holding:

(North)	5
(South)	A Q 10 8 6 4

The competitors were asked: How would you play this combination for the maximum number of tricks, and why?

Clearly, you can make five tricks if all goes well, but never more. If you finesse the 10 you will win against K x x on your left: if you finesse the Queen you will gain against J x x on your left. Those chances balance out, but there is this in favour of the Queen: if West has the

J 9 alone, you still lose only one trick. On the other hand, if West has K 9, finessing the 10 will not bring in five tricks: the King will win and East will still have J x x. That makes the Queen finesse slightly better than the 10.

Both competitors recommended the Queen but neither could put a finger on why that was right. They scored 3 points each.

The final question was on probability of distribution. Suppose that you have seven cards of a suit: what are the probabilities relating to the distribution of the other six? Are they more likely to be divided 3-3 or 4-2, and roughly in what proportion?

It is important to know these probabilities, and both Major Fell and Mrs. Edwards had no hesitation in saying that 4-2 was more likely than 3-3. The actual expectation is: 4-2 48 per cent., 3-3 36 per cent., 5-1 15 per cent., and 6-0 1 per cent. Major Fell was awarded 6½ for his answer, Mrs. Edwards 5. Thus Major Fell qualified for the semi-final.

The remaining stages of this competition will be discussed in future numbers.

Planning the Vegetable Garden

By ALFRED LUGG



IF WE ARE to get the best out of our gardens our efforts should be pre-determined by a cropping plan. This should be based on a sound rotation, in which root crops, green crops, potatoes, and peas are grown on a different site each year. This fundamental principle has been advocated for hundreds of years and is the basis of sound horticultural practice. Several advantages are to be gained from it: the possible incidence of infection by pests and disease will be reduced; the available plant foods will be used and conserved to better advantage, and the heavy work of digging will be spread evenly throughout the year.

In addition to rotation there are other considerations, such as family needs and preferences, continuity of supply, and economics.

With family needs the housewife's opinion should be sought, and our efforts outside should be closely co-ordinated with the needs of the kitchen. Continuity of supply is extremely important, and in this respect, by a little thought, careful choice of varieties and dates of sowing, much could be achieved to ensure an all-the-year-round supply. A reputable seedsman's catalogue will give invaluable information in this respect. How often do we find, with winter

greens alone, that we have a surplus at given times of the year while at others this need has to be met at the expense of the family purse.

With salad crops, successive sowings of suitable varieties made at fortnightly intervals would ensure a supply throughout the growing season. The same principle can be applied for green peas. No household with available space should be without fresh peas from the end of June until the end of October. Choose round-seeded, early varieties for the first sowings, followed by successive sowings of a variety such as Onward, and finally one of the varieties resistant to mildew such as Autocrat.

Few of us have either the time or the space in which all our needs can be grown, so crops of the highest economic value should be chosen and the greatest use possible made of inter-cropping to maintain a continuous supply of salads.

At this time of the year little can be done about soil conditioning. That should have been achieved with the winter digging, but we can make provisions to ensure an adequate supply of plant food. Humus should be considered in the light of a soil conditioner, and this should be supplemented with plant foods in the form of a base dressing of compound fertilizer, such as J.I. base, applied at the rate of 4 ounces per square yard. This should be spread evenly before the final raking down and drill drawing. This will ensure that the young

plants get a good start. Adequate spacing is essential. There should be a minimum of ten inches between the rows for carrots, beetroots, onions, and lettuces. Parsnips should be fifteen inches apart, and for peas the distance between the rows should be equivalent to their height. Thin sowing and early thinning will pay good dividends. Do bear in mind that soil conditions are far more important than time.

—Based on a broadcast in Network Three

Books Received

Among recent books are *The Structure of British Industry*, a symposium edited by Duncan Burn (Cambridge, for the National Institute of Economic and Social Research, 2 vols. £2 5s. and £2 10s., respectively); *Economic Arithmetic*, by Robin Marris (Macmillan, 28s.); *Business Enterprise: its Growth and Organisation*, by R. S. Edwards and H. Townsend (Macmillan, £3); *European Volunteer Workers in Britain*, by J. A. Tannahill, with a foreword by W. J. M. Mackenzie (Manchester University Press, 18s.), and *Scottish Social Welfare, 1864-1914*, by Thomas Ferguson (Livingstone, Teviot Place, Edinburgh, 42s.); *Essays by Divers Hands: Being the Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature: New Series Volume XXIX*, edited by E. V. Rieu (Oxford, 15s.), which contains, among others, 'About Biography', by Hesketh Pearson, 'The Two Russians', by C. M. Woodhouse, and 'Thomas Hardy as revealed in *The Dynasts*', by Richard Church; and *Etymology: with Special Reference to English*, by A. S. C. Cross (Deutsch, 30s.).

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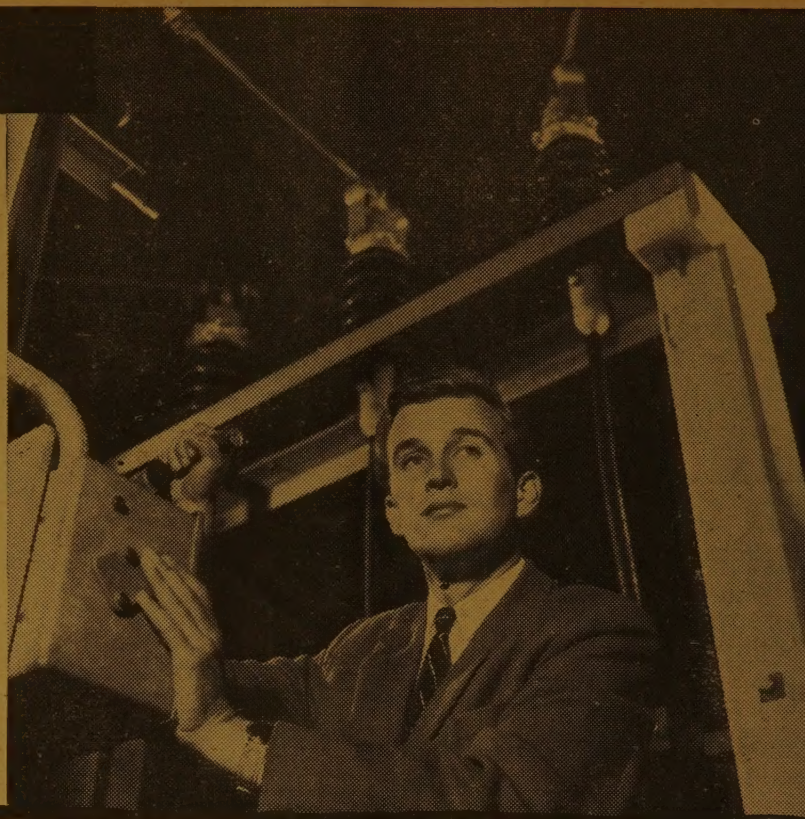
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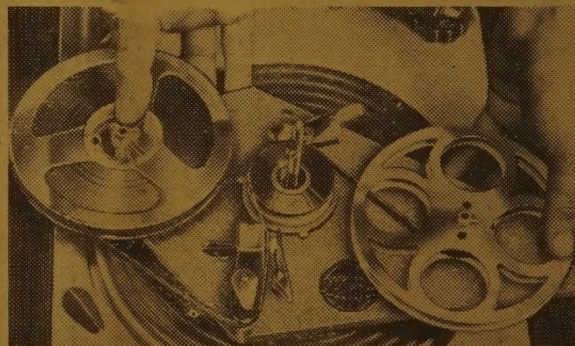
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How to Decorate Hardboard

By DAVID ROE

SEVERAL LISTENERS have asked how they can make a satisfactory job of decorating hardboard, which is so much used in our homes today. To do this there are several straightforward rules to follow. For example, if the hardboard should warp after a time, the whole scheme is ruined. But you can prevent it warping by conditioning it about thirty-six hours before fixing. For this, you simply sprinkle water from a watering-can onto the backs of the sheets—using about a pint for every sheet—and then stack them, back to back, until you fix them. Then, again, the framework ought to be completely rigid and to avoid any cracks appearing in the paint or wallpaper the joints between the hardboard sheets should be carefully filled and preferably covered with muslin or linen scrim.

So far as the fixing nails are concerned, make sure they are rust resisting—otherwise you will soon find rust marks 'bleeding' through the paint or wallpaper. But even with rust-resisting nails I prefer to make doubly sure by touching the heads with rust-resisting primer.

When it comes to painting, there are two main types of hardboard to bear in mind: the standard or conventional boards, and the newer types which are already sealed or primed by the manufacturer. With the standard types, the treatment depends on the sort of paints you are using—whether they are oil-based paints, distempers, or emulsion paints. The oil-based paints—and this includes the various eggshell and gloss finishes—may dry down with a patchy finish on standard hardboard, unless you first apply a coat of sealer. Some firms make a special hardboard sealer; or you can use an ordinary

emulsion paint, thinned down with a little water. This is followed by the appropriate undercoat and the oil-finish or gloss paint.

If you are using distemper, a coat of size or, better still, petrifying liquid, is all that is wanted. You follow this up with two coats of distemper. Plastic emulsion paint does not need any sealer, and two coats are usually enough.

If you are painting hardboard that has already been sealed or primed by the manufacturer, it cuts out all the bother of using a special sealer. But do not forget that if you have to saw through these boards, or if you make a rounded or bevelled edge, you break through the seal, so you must run along the exposed edge with a sealer before you tackle the general painting.

Finally, a word about hanging wallpaper over hardboard. There is nothing difficult about the job itself, but wallpaper sticks so firmly to hardboard that it is difficult to strip it off again when you ultimately come round to re-decorating. If you take this into consideration when you are hanging the wallpaper, and paint the hardboard with oil-based plaster primer, you will find it will be easy when you finally have to strip the paper off in a few years' time.

Dudley Perkins has become well known during the last few years through his explanations of the complex uncertainties of law in the B.B.C. programme 'Can I Help You?'. He has now written his answers to the questions most frequently asked and gathered them together in one volume, *Can I Help You?* (Cassell, 16s.) Mr. Perkins deals simply and comprehensively with such matters as the making of wills and the duties of executors, the intricacies of hire purchase, the effects of the Rent

Acts, contracts of employment, service on a jury, and many other day-to-day problems.

Notes on Contributors

SIR CHARLES WEBSTER, K.C.M.G. (page 620): Stevenson Professor of International History, London School of Economics, 1932-53; member of Preparatory Commission and General Assembly of United Nations, 1945-46; author of *The Foreign Policy of Palmerston*, etc.

JAMES JOLL (page 621): Sub-Warden of St. Antony's College, Oxford University, and University Lecturer in History; editor of *Britain and Europe: Pitt to Churchill, 1793-1940* (Vol. III in 'The British Political Tradition').

SEWELL STOKES (page 627): formerly probation officer at Bow Street Magistrates' Court; author of *Without Veils* (a life of Gladys Cooper), *Beyond His Means*, *Recital in Paris*, *Come to Prison*, etc.

MAURICE DE SAUSMAREZ (page 629): Senior Lecturer and Head of the Department of Fine Art, Leeds University.

GEOFFREY STEPHENSON (page 631): Lecturer in Mathematics, Imperial College of Science and Technology, London University.

ASA BRIGGS (page 636): Professor of Modern History, Leeds University, since 1955, author of *History of Birmingham, Borough and City, 1865-1933*, *Victorian People*, *The Age of Improvement*, etc.

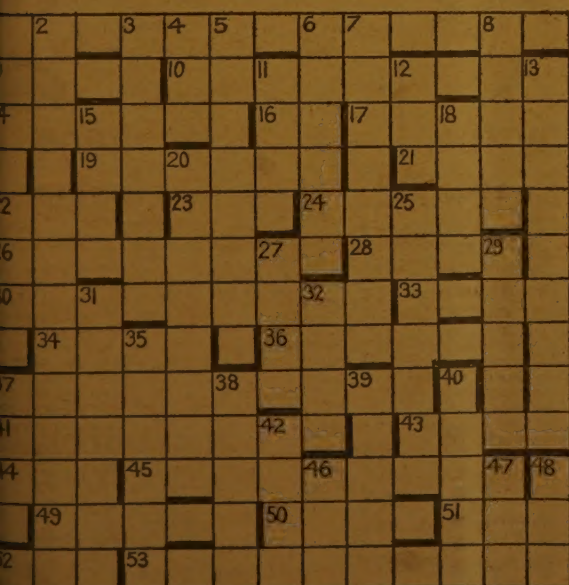
Crossword No. 1,506.

Pros and Cons—VIII.

By Duplex

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, April 16. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final.



The missing word in each quotation is to be used to find the light, which is either a synonym or an antonym. The light may not entirely suit the quotation but may be considered (within reason) a synonym or an antonym. All clues are taken from *The Oxford Book of Quotations*.

CLUES—ACROSS

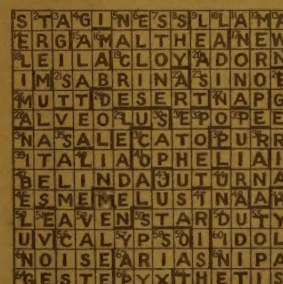
1. With every pleasing, every — part
9. Made him our — to live and to die
10. — all the Water about him
14. So —, So maidenly, So womanly
16. Let go, Sir! —, Sir!
17. Monday is —'s holiday
19. Let's — somebody
21. An' what 'e thought 'e might —
22. steals the just's —
23. —, arise, And paint
24. Form'd of two mighty —
26. The — Simon Pure
28. I am one with my —
30. Slow and — wins the race
33. There is nothing more — a man
34. humour most, when she —
36. I am — of this college
37. though it were to his own —
41. Thou — torrid-zone
43. Be not — in unnecessary matters
44. As hardy as the Nemean —'s nerve
45. Schiller has the — sublime
49. But be — as nutmeg-graters
50. With saints dost bait thy —
51. O! —, —, —!
52. The hand of little —
53. and — at the helm

DOWN

1. I would be — too
2. for this day's —
3. With one — and one

4. For I am — if not critical
5. Some busy and insinuating —
6. this just, this pious —
7. caught his clear —
8. The motion of a —
11. A — in a Teacup
12. Sure — and I are more than quit
13. More — valiant or more valiant-young
15. O Love's but a —!
18. A runnable —, a kingly crop
20. And the — and the Druse
25. Firm concord holds, men only —
27. that deep romantic —
29. mighty paramount of —
31. Some — more sharply spiced
32. The —! the —!
35. a little tiny —
37. Turns Ashes-or it —
38. — end in lovers meeting
39. This — of mine
40. The — of power
42. —, said I: but are you sure
46. I grant I am a —
47. —! Don't! Sha'n't I
48. for all things —

Solution of No. 1,504



NOTE

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